

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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ENGLAND'S GROWTH.

We are in the habit of talking very loosely of the decaying population and power of England, taking it for granted from the ever-increasing tide of emigration she pours weekly upon our shores, and her new policy of non-intervention in Continental imbroglios. But facts recently brought to light from official sources, and just made public, will go far to contradict and dispel this impression.

Without going to the dangerous length of endorsing the trite and untrue proverb that "figures cannot lie," we must yet admit their capacity for establishing many truths; and in the new English census for 1871, we find results so unexpected and so startling, as not only to challenge attention, but also to enforce conviction that we have been mistaking prejudices for sound reasoning, and must reconsider the erroneous idea which has taken such firm root in our minds as to the decadence of England or her coming decrepitude.

Dickens has immortalized the way in which some of the public business in England is transacted through "the Circumlocution Office," where "the way how not to do it" is and has been so successfully practiced by the Tite Barnacles and other mollusks of their privileged species. We, on this side of the Atlantic, drawing general conclusions from special premises, had taken it for granted that most of the public business there was transacted on much the same system. Yet, "smart" as we undoubtedly are, even we might gather useful lessons as to "how to do it" from our cousins over the water, in the matter of census returns, which they certainly manage to gather with a neatness and dispatch which must seem marvelous to the officials who have the enumeration of our increasing millions on this side, and who really seem to have received lessons from that mouldy British office into which Dickens intrudes his pertinacious hero, described by the despairing Tite Barnacle as "Fellah constantly coming here that wants to know, you know!"

Our census has been a great disappointment in many ways. Not only was it "con-

stantly coming, yet never came"—lingering on the way with lagging feet, and very limp, lame and footsore when it did arrive—but dreadfully disappointing in its net results, and acting like a wet blanket on our national pride and vanity. Nay, even its reliability has been questioned; and exasperated cities, proud of their growth and mourning over their curtailed proportions, have solemnly protested against its accuracy; so that these returns, revised and corrected, by Presidential order, have been hashed up and served up cold out of these funeral-baked meats of figures, to the great mystification of the public mind and the utter confusion of

private collators of these figures as foundations for theories.

Whereas in England, on the 3d of April of the current year, a day reported to have been cool and fine, the Registrar-General of England sent forth an army (not with banners and music, but with note-books) over the length and breadth of Great Britain, to number their people. This army, 32,600 strong, was officered by upward of two hundred registrars and six hundred superintendent-registrars.

Marching simultaneously on all the householders in the realm, this army brought back, as spoils of war, 5,030,895 census returns, with

the loss of but one man wounded by an indignant householder, who committed assault and battery upon him. A maiden lady of uncertain age is also reported as having barricaded her dwelling, and effectually repulsed the invader who came to put disagreeable and impertinent queries, as to age, etc. But even that siege was raised by the commanding general, who obtained private access to the obdurate maiden, and without loss of life, or hair, succeeded in getting enough information to suffice his purpose.

One of the most curious instances related during this campaign, refers to a man who refused to fill in census, upon the ground that he "could not do so without perjuring himself, as he neither knew his own name nor where he was born!" For this declaration of his absolute know-nothingism he was fined by the magistrate—a proof that "ignorance" is not "bias" always, but an expensive luxury sometimes.

The first fruits of that April day's work is a "Preliminary Report and Tables of the Population and Houses enumerated in England and Wales, and in the Islands of the British Seas, on 3d April, 1871," a publication preliminary to the more voluminous and detailed returns. From this Report we learn that the grand total of the population of the United Kingdom at that date, amounted in round numbers to 31,817,108; composed of—

Males.....	15,549,271
Females....	16,267,837

Excess, women
over men.... 718,566

An approximation which strikes us as rather exceptional—the excess of the "softer sex" over the harder in most census returns being usually much greater, owing to obvious causes. The maidens of New England who for the last decade have found the disparity in that sterile region annually increasing, in spite of the yearly migration of "school-marms," West and South—might well consider the propriety of an invasion of Old England under the lead of some fearless, man-despising leaders, like Anthony or Stanton—for never in "fresh fields or pastures new" was such an opening presented for enterprising maidens of marital intentions, than the old



DAVID D. PORTER, ADMIRAL OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 83.

country now presents. Should these returns meet the eye of "Prophet" Brigham Young, he will cease to make a missionary field of Great Britain—for what can be done in a country where there is so trifling a surplus over one wife a "piece" for every adult male?

It is curious to compare this state of things with that existing in so young a country as our own. In New England the disparity is alarming, and the chances of marriageable maidens so small, owing to the emigration Westward of young adult males, that certain philanthropic matrons have actually exported the pining young maidens as school-teachers to the West, to equalize the ratio of male and female representation.

Throughout our whole country, too, the relative number of the two sexes gives superior opportunities to the young maidens abroad to those born in our land of liberty.

Population of England proper.....	21,487,188
" " Ireland.....	5,402,759
" " Scotland.....	3,388,613
" " Wales.....	1,216,240
" " Isle of Man.....	53,867
" " Channel Islands.....	90,563
Total.....	31,639,230

This does not include the army, navy and merchant seamen beyond the seas, of whose number no mention is made.

The most curious result reached by these figures, in comparison with those exhibited in the census of the previous decade, is the fact of such a steady increase in numbers, in spite of the tremendous emigration to Australia and the United States.

Thus, we find in England and Wales an increase of thirteen per cent.; and taking the tables of half a century ago, we see that the population has almost doubled during that interval, by a steady rate of increase.

During the last ten years the population has increased by upward of two millions and a half in England and Wales; by more than a quarter of a million in Scotland; and the decrease in Ireland amounts to but 396,000, which, compared with the previous decade, gives double that percentage of loss—viz., twelve per cent. as against seven.

Thus, we may compute a clear gain "of more than two millions of people to Great Britain, with a population increasing at the rate of 1,173 per day, of which number it is calculated, 468 emigrate and 705 remain in the land of their birth." With laudable pride, the British reviewer, in citing these facts, says: "Let us for the present be satisfied with knowing that, spite of war, famine and emigration, Queen Victoria rules over nearly six millions more home subjects than when she was called to the throne. Let croakers croak, as their nature prompts them; the day of the old country's decrepitude is not yet!"

This is patriotic and plausible as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The mere increase of numbers or of wealth in a country is not proof positive of its increase of strength, which is to be judged of more from moral than material causes. Conceding the fact that both the wealth and the population of England have increased during the last decade, and that both will go on increasing, unless some "Battle of Dorking," or other unforeseen foreign cause, should give a check to both, it by no means follows that her prestige and power will keep pace with such material increase.

Nay, it is now a well-understood fact that, during the last decade, she has lost much of both, and her voice, once so all-potential on the Continent, even down to the palmy days of Palmerston, has died into an echo.

To-day, England has really less influence in the councils of the nations who are her near neighbors, than the United States, with a wide ocean intervening. She has grown fat, sluggish, and stall-fed, under her plethoric prosperity, and the example of our republican institutions is working strongly, if silently, upon the masses of her workmen.

Nowhere is the leaven of a desperate discontent acting more energetically among a population than in England, and her plausible Premier is tampering with a danger which he dare not look full in the face, and is equally afraid to put down by force.

Years ago, the prophetic vision of a poet shadowed forth the mighty revolution we see moving down with the sureness, if also with the slowness, of a seething lava-flood, on the throne and palaces of England—

"Slowly comes a hungry people,
As a lion, creeping nigher,
Glances at one that nods and winks
Behind a slowly dying fire!"

The lion can afford to wait, but unless the man awake, delay to him is death.

So may it be with the material prosperity of England, with her vaunted increase in numbers and in wealth, unless her rulers are wise in time, and, by granting those concessions and privileges the people demand, avert a collision which may drag down Throne, Altar, and Landed Gentry, with all the other Establishments of the country, into a chaos like that of the Paris Commune, which has just tumbled to pieces, amid ashes and blood.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ROYAL VISITS TO AMERICA.

THE now almost daily expected arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, at this port, will probably render a few particulars concerning former royal visits to this country acceptable to the general reader. Altogether, these visits figure up to a dozen or so of illustrious strangers thus coming among us for a brief period, and include three who were destined to wear crowns, and one who had already donned the purple.

The first of these was Prince William Henry, third son of King George III., who was in New York some fifteen years preceding the close of the Eighteenth Century, and who, while in the city, made the acquaintance of the great Lord Nelson—the prince then being on service as a naval officer. This gentleman was afterward known as the Duke of Clarence, and in 1830, on the death of his brother, George IV., was elevated to the British throne, under the title of King William IV., reigning seven years, and being succeeded by his niece, Victoria, the present Queen.

Nearer to the end of the past century, the next brother of the Duke of Clarence, Victoria's father, known as the Duke of Kent, passed by way of Boston to his post in Canada; and at a date almost corresponding, Louis Philippe d'Orléans made an extended tour of the country. This prince, on the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in France, bore his father's title of Duc d'Orléans. By the revolution of July, 1830, he became King of the French—a position he maintained for nearly eighteen years, when he himself was obliged to succumb to a counter-revolution.

Two brothers of Napoleon I. were for many years American residents—Lucien, Prince of Canino, as a farmer in the West; Joseph, ex-King of Spain, occupying a well-known residence over in New Jersey. It is now about thirty-five years since a third member of the Bonaparte family was a resident here—Louis Napoleon, presumed second son of Louis, King of Holland, and Queen Hortense. It is scarcely necessary for us to state the identity of this person with that of the ex-Emperor of the French.

About twenty-nine years ago the Prince de Joinville, third son of King Louis Philippe, was in New York, with his frigate—the same that had conveyed the remains of Napoleon I. from St. Helena to France. Old residents of the city will remember the *furor* his presence created in the fashionable circles. He has visited us more than once, accompanied by his son and nephews, the Count de Paris and the Duc de Chartres—the two latter serving as aides-de-camp on General McClellan's staff. But none of these gentlemen, on the occasion referred to, have appeared under the prestige of royal title—the restoration of the Empire in France having reduced them to the level of ordinary citizens, or to something even below that, as in Napoleon's time they were not permitted to even enter the country.

In 1860 the Prince of Wales visited us; the ovations then rendered to him in New York and other large cities have passed into historical record. A few months afterward, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, first-cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III., was here with his wife, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel; and in '69-'70 we had the pleasure of a call from Prince Arthur, third son of Queen Victoria; the second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, was in Canada, a few years since, but did not cross the "line."

We may also count a visit from dusky royalty, in the person of Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, about five years since.

There is a great flutter in our fashionable circles pending the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia—though little of this prince is known beyond the facts that he is the third son of the reigning Emperor Alexander II., about twenty-two years of age, has a fine figure, and holds the rank of lieutenant in the Imperial Navy; further (which may possibly be the most interesting item to our lady readers), that he is unmarried.

THE NEW "MANSIONS."

A NAME is wanted for the class of buildings which we have, for want of a more expressive term, called "mansions." By some they are named "tenant-houses"; by others, "apartment-houses"—all signifying buildings divided into suites of apartments, each suite containing all the appointments of a private house, and, though all under one roof, being as distinct as if detached dwellings. Probably, as this class of houses increases—and it is already numerous—somebody will invent a name. "Hotel" is already appropriated, and has its specific uses. "House" requires a prefix more or less cumbersome. "Mansion" is less open to objection, but it fails to convey any distinctive idea. Perhaps the genius who invented the name "Crystal" for the detestable new cabs, will come to the rescue, and assist the public in this novel dilemma.

These "mansions" are, in truth, tenement-houses of a higher order, arranged for the use of a large class of persons, who, though not wealthy enough to live in their own houses, or to pay the rents asked for dwellings in desirable parts of the city, have yet notions of refinement and home comforts which cannot be gratified by the prevailing system of hotel living, or still less by that of boarding-houses. We have not far to look, to find the causes which drive several families under one roof, whether of the poorer or the wealthier classes. The area of land for building purposes in this city can by no possibility be increased, except in one direction; but every additional square mile built over northward, removes a proportionate number of the population further away from their daily pursuits. Some will, of course, follow the tide; but to the clerks or mechanics, whose work is down-town, it is no light matter to be driven from two to five or six miles away from their daily bread. Rather than do this, they will submit to be penned up in tenement-houses, with all their social and sanitary evils. Coming to a higher, but a wealthier class, we find their social position likewise affected by the impossibility of lateral expansion in the city. Land is too valuable to build small houses upon.

Expansion, therefore, is in a vertical direction; that is, houses are built as lofty as possible, and New York is certainly, on the average, a four-storied city. From the value of the ground and the inordinate size of houses, it naturally follows that rents are high; too high for persons of moderate means—that is, having incomes of \$3,000 to \$8,000. Hence comes the attempt to put two or more families in one house; and, improving on this, to erect buildings that shall cover several small houses, or the essential parts of houses, under one roof.

The type of such buildings is found abroad. Paris abounds with them, and in Edinburgh and Glasgow there are almost as many "flats" (the name such dwellings have there) as there are "self-contained" houses. The attempts to construct such dwellings here followed the urgent demand from the class we have alluded to; and they were at first limited to altering existing houses to meet the growing want. Experience, however, showed the impossibility of combining all the requisites demanded in such habitations by mere alterations of existing forms, the difficulty lying chiefly in the shapes of our modern halls and staircases. Buildings were, therefore, erected, designed exclusively for the purpose of giving all the advantages of a private residence, at lower rents than "self-contained" houses could be afforded at, and it is to such we wish now to direct attention.

We think it is clear that the object of these "mansions" being to secure to the tenants of each suite the privacy of a separate house, the new edifices fall short of their purpose in proportion as this end is not secured. In most cases, the architects or designers seem to have been afraid to carry out the system in all its completeness, as if society required to be taught its use and convenience; and hence, we presume, arise the attempts to graft the hotel or the restaurant modes of life on what is, in its primary conception, utterly opposed to them. Coming to details, we hold that such of the new "mansions" as have the kitchens in common—or when these are detached and at a distance from the apartments they belong to—or again, in which a restaurant is provided for the tenants—fail in the first essentials. Housekeepers have trouble enough now with their servants while under their own eyes; but imagine for a moment the state of insubordination that would exist when your servants, and those of your neighbors, have kitchens in common, and all separated from your supervision by the distance of three or four floors. The objections to a common restaurant are equally obvious. Supposing that the bill of fare and the prices are such as suit the head of the household, who has to consider the varied wants of his family, there must still be lacking the element of privacy and home feeling; and it will soon be found that a "mansion" so conducted is, in fact, only another name for a private hotel.

There exists, also, in most of these "mansions," an architectural mistake, which goes

far to impair their usefulness. There can be none of the desired seclusion of one's own house so long as the hallways are so constructed that the public, in going up and down stairs, passes your private doors. This nuisance may be avoided by constructing the stairs, which ought to be of stone and with an easy rise, in a spiral, inside a brick tower or well. In case of fire, such a staircase forms a perfect fire-escape. The door to each suite of rooms opens from the landings, and the interior halls are for the exclusive use of the inmates. In this way, and in this way alone, we conceive—with the addition perhaps of a steam elevator, when the building is large enough to warrant the expense—can the idea of several complete houses under one roof be adequately carried out.

The high rents demanded for suites of rooms in the mansions already erected have caused a feeling of disappointment, loudly expressed by our contemporaries. With the increase of such edifices, however, this evil must cure itself, for it is obvious that if rooms can be arranged as complete houses for five hundred families, on the ground now occupied as houses for one hundred families—and we are assured they can be—rents must, under such a changed system, decline, while, on the other hand, the landlord's profits will not be lessened.

Some social questions connected with this new mode of living naturally suggest themselves; but, in the first place, they are worthy of a more dignified place than the end of an article; and in the next, we should prefer that experience, rather than theory, should decide whether the domestic virtues, which we believe underlie all natural virtues, flourish best in quiet, secluded homes, or in the noise, bustle and gregariousness of hotels, or the frivolity and scandal of boarding-houses.

THE HARE HUNTING THE HOUNDS.

ADVERTISING has attained the dignity of an art, if not a science, in this country, but we have yet something to learn from our cousins across the water even in this matter. There is a branch of it, which we may term literary advertising—devised by Charles Reade, the novelist—which is equally remarkable for its audacity and cleverness. The adroitness with which he continues to puff himself and his own works, without appearing to intend it, is very masterly. His short and easy method of calling public attention to his last book, is by means of letter-writing, in the shape of a criticism on his critics. He did try libel suits, but found they did not pay, as they never do. After publishing a new novel, he waits for some hostile criticism and hits back, fiercely flaying his critic, and transfixing that "buzzing inconvenience" on the point of some sharp epithet, such as "*prurient prude*," or other equally ingeniously abusive *soubriquet*. This subverses a double purpose: it gives gratuitous advertisement to book and author, and inspires the public with curiosity to see and read the object of controversy. These letters are always very caustic and very clever, if not always very convincing. They have long ago convinced the public that Mr. Reade has no small opinion of himself, and that he will never, like the sensitive poet Keats, allow himself to be

"Snuffed out by an article,"

as Byron says.

It is somewhat singular, however, that in each and every one of these letters, after consecutive novels, Mr. Reade has to defend himself against the charge of indecency and coarseness both of thought and language.

This he attempts to do with much heat and temper, but with indifferent success; for the public generally concur with his critics, and the young ladies all declare his novels are "naughty, but so nice."

We do not propose entering into any criticism, however, but only wish to cite the remarkable fact of an author attacking his critics, as notable a spectacle as that of the hare hunting the hounds. Since Byron took up the cudgels for English bards against Scotch reviewers, this spectacle has seldom been presented, and we must admire the aggressive author equally for his pluck and the peculiar plan of advertising he has so successfully devised and carried out, though it is becoming slightly stale by repetition. He has shown pluck in attacking his last critic, the *London Times*, which took him to task for introducing a very improper female prominently in his last book. To its criticism Mr. Reade substantially responds, that the *Times* is often talking of such naughty people, too, and that he introduces "Anonyma" with a high moral purpose, to contrast her with the unsullied British virgin. Unfortunately for his defense, however, everybody who reads the book finds his Magdalen much more attractive than his Martha, which may be the reader's fault or otherwise. We commend this patent plan of literary advertising as a neat little dodge for our own authors.

THE enterprise displayed on this side of the Atlantic, in the construction of a railway across the continent, has at last aroused a spirit of emulation on the part of our British brethren, and a plan has been proposed to Mr. Gladstone for bringing India within a five days' journey from England. It is proposed to make use of existing lines of railway and of the Mont Cenis Tunnel to Trieste, and thence to construct a railroad through Austria, European and Asiatic Turkey, Persia, and Beloochistan, to Kurrachee, and onward to Bombay. The total distance from London to Kurrachee would be 5,311 miles by rail, and 28 miles (the Strait of Dover) by sea. At a uniform rate of ten miles and a half an hour by water and forty miles an hour by land, the journey from end to end would be accomplished in five days, sixteen hours, forty-six minutes. Of the total length of line required, nearly one-fourth (1,170 miles) is already constructed. The highest estimated cost of the undertaking is in round numbers \$200,000,000, and the projectors suggest that the cost of construction should be borne not by one nation only, but by all through which the line would pass.

THE origin of the name of the State of Pennsylvania will be found in a letter of William Penn, its founder, dated January 5th, 1681, from which the following is an extract: "This day, after many waitings, watchings, solicitings and disputes in council, my country has been confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania, a name the king would give it in honor of my father. I chose New Wales, being a hilly country, and when the secretary, a Welshman, refused to call it New Wales, I proposed Sylvania, and they added Penn to it; though I was much opposed to it, and went to the king to have it struck out. He said it was past, and he would take it upon him; nor could twenty guineas move the under-secretary to vary the name; for I feared it might be looked upon as a vanity in me, and not as a respect in the king to my father, as it really was."

CAPTAIN JOHN MEIKS who, in 1867, crossed the Atlantic on an India-rubber life-raft, is having another raft made, fifteen feet long, and twelve feet wide, on which he intends to go to Europe, accompanied only by a boy. He will carry with him sixty days' provisions, and will take the direct steamer's track.

IN an old map, dating about the Fifteenth Century, and supposed to be drawn by a contemporary of Columbus, America is called "Terra Sanctæ Crucis," or, the "Land of the Holy Cross." Christopher Columbus's vernacular name signifies "Christ bearing Dove."

DR. BEKE, a celebrated English Oriental scholar, has in the press a work entitled "The Idol in Horeb," in which he seeks to show that the golden image made by Aaron for the Israelites to worship, at Mount Sinai, was a cone, and not a calf.

ADMIRAL PORTER.

DAVID D. PORTER, son of the heroic Commodore Porter of *Essex* fame, is a native of Pennsylvania, from which State he was appointed midshipman in the United States Navy, February 2d, 1829. In the following year he was attached to the frigate *Constellation*, of the Mediterranean Squadron, and on the 4th of July, 1836, after having served on three different vessels, was promoted to passed midshipman. In 1841, he was commissioned as lieutenant, and served in various capacities until the breaking out of the Mexican war, when he was ordered to the scene of action. He was present at the two attacks on Vera Cruz, one on Tuxpan, and one at Tobasco, besides taking part in several land engagements.

He entered upon active duty in the Rebellion as early as April, 1861, being promoted to commander on the 22d, and sailing immediately from New York in the *Porchatin* to save Fort Pickens, which received his protection not a moment too soon. From this point he commenced a blockade of the enemy's ports of New Orleans and Pensacola, contrary to the convictions of his superior officer, and made the first capture of the enemy's property. When the preparations for Admiral Farragut's attack on the defenses of New Orleans were receiving attention, Commander Porter was ordered North to superintend the organization of a mortar flotilla designed to participate in the now memorable engagement.

On this occasion he displayed the finest executive skill, and his energy in forwarding these vessels was such that, when Admiral Farragut reached the Southwest Pass, Commander Porter's boats—destined to play a most important part in the naval operations of the war—were at their stations, ready for action. On the 11th of April, 1862, he began the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip. The mortar flotilla kept up a steady fire, with but slight cessation, for six days and nights, at the end of which time, both forts, in spite of their great strength, were so injured that the Flag Officer of the squadron deemed the passage of the entire fleet possible. On the 28th of the same month, the forts were surrendered to Commander Porter.

From this engagement until July, he manoeuvred his fleet in a manner affording the most efficient co-operation to Admiral Farragut in his movements on the Mississippi.

The Summer of 1862 was one of intense anxiety to the friends of the Union. Farragut was advancing toward Vicksburg, and the people, saddened by military reverses, looked on the Navy for an arrest of misfortune. It was then that Porter, appointed Acting Rear-Admiral, rendered a service of the highest national value, and added still further strength to the popular confidence reposed in his loyalty and professional attainments. In an incredibly short space of time he created a fleet of one hundred and twenty-five vessels—a number far exceeding that commanded by any other officer in the history of naval warfare—out of the material afforded by the ordinary river steamboats. Of the thirteen hundred officers, only twenty-five were of the regular navy, yet, under the rigid discipline and inspiring example of their commander, they soon became valuable assistants. In January 1863, the fleet captured Arkansas Post, and in the month of May following, destroyed the formidable rebel batteries at Grand Gulf. During the siege of Vicksburg, Admiral Porter's mortar fleet were forty days, without intermission, throwing shells into and beyond the doomed city. While these leading operations were in progress, he obtained various successes in other localities, which gave material assistance to the army. The Mississippi River being opened to commercial pursuits by the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Admiral Farragut turned over to Acting Rear-Admiral Porter the entire control of the Western waters above New Orleans. Shortly after, Porter received the commission of full Rear-Admiral, dating from the great Fourth of July, 1863. The important operations in these waters being consummated, Admiral Porter was transferred to the command of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

A fleet comprising all the available vessels at the disposal of the Department of War assembled in Hampton Roads. In the early part of December, 1864, the fleet sailed for Beaufort, N. C., and on the 24th, Rear-Admiral Porter, with a force of thirty-five vessels, five of which were iron-clad, and a reserve of nineteen vessels, commenced the bombardment of the forts at the mouth of Cape Fear River, and silenced them in an hour and a quarter. The military commander, deciding that the place could not be carried by assault, withdrew his forces, but Admiral Porter, alive to the necessity of closing the port of Wilmington, requested that the attempt should not be abandoned, and was gratified with the receipt of orders to resume offensive operations. On the 15th of January, 1865, forty-four vessels poured an incessant fire into the fort, the military assault, under command of General Terry, was made, and the place carried by 10 P.M.

Rear-Admiral Porter was promoted to Vice-Admiral, July 25th, 1866, and appointed Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. On the death of Admiral Farragut, Vice-Admiral Porter was commissioned Admiral of the United States Navy.

LONDON PARKS AND GARDENS.

PLEADING the cause of "little children" in London, who "play in grimy back streets and alleys, which are rarely penetrated by the rays of the sun," the writer of a letter to a contemporary states: "Take Lincoln's-Inn-fields as an example. The ample space inside the rails is a solitude, because the barristers who occupy chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, and the solicitors who have their offices on the other sides of the great square, only remain there a few hours for business, and have their homes and families elsewhere. What conceivable harm would be done if the public were admitted under proper regulations? The noise made by the children would not be heard by the occupants of the houses; and even if a few privileged families should avail themselves of the gardens, would they be the worse for seeing the children of the people enjoying themselves, as in St. James's and Hyde Parks? It is not for the advantage of the upper ten thousand to draw a line between themselves and their countrymen. The meeting of all classes in scenes of common enjoyment has a civilizing and harmonizing influence, which we cannot afford to forego. When the Glasnevin Gardens were opened, without payment, on Sundays, thousands of people resorted to them, from the lowest parts of Dublin; but there was not one ragged or dirty person among them. The plans of the School Board for the improvement of the habits of our London children, depend quite as much upon the hours of leisure as upon the school-time. Cleanliness, and decency of dress and behavior, might be enforced as a condition of admission; and none are so low as not to feel some sense of restraint and desire to make a creditable appearance in the presence of well-dressed persons, in a place of public recreation. The apprehension of injury to flowers and shrubs has disappeared before actual experience."

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—Six hundred years ago, Peter, parish priest of St. Helen's, Winchester, built a Carmelite Friary in a field adjoining College Mead, in that city. The friary stood till the dissolution of religious houses, when the buildings were destroyed, and the site given to the college, who, for many years, have used it as an adjunct to their sick-house. But a new racquet-court is now being constructed there, and, in the excavations, the workmen have come upon four coffins, formed from blocks of chalk, each containing a perfect skeleton, and in one of them there was that sure mark of a priest, a metal paten. There have been found some tessellated pavement, and several tesserae, charged with a letter of the alphabet. There is no doubt that the soil is full of relics of the affiliated Friary of the House on Mount Carmel.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel—Laying the Last Rail—The Workmen Coming Out.

The telegraph has already made our readers familiar with the fact of the completion of this great enterprise. On Sunday, September 17th ult., the Tunnel was formally opened with appropriate ceremonies. A train conveying a party of visitors passed through in twenty-one minutes, and the festivities closed with a grand banquet, at which felicitations were exchanged. In connection with this great undertaking, so successfully completed, several illustrations have already appeared on our pages; and we now publish a couple of engravings portraying incidents of the work. One of these represents the excavators returning to the open air from their work in the bowels of the mountain; and the other, the fixing of the last rail—an episode of no small moment to those immediately concerned and of great interest to all Europe, but especially to Italy and France, which were thereby more intimately joined than they had ever been before.

The Diplomatic Corps Presenting their Congratulations to President Thiers.

The scene represented by our engraving is that of the diplomatic corps in Paris tendering their congratulations to M. Thiers upon the occasion of the vote of the National Assembly elevating him to the dignity of President of the French Republic. To this exhibition of friendly sympathy toward him from the representatives of foreign powers M. Thiers gave a warm welcome, and manifested a highly appreciative spirit. Among the distinguished visitors, Prussia was not represented; but no unfavorable inference is to be derived from this fact, for the reason that diplomatic relations have not yet been officially resumed between France and Germany. After the mission of Count Arnim, recently sent to Versailles as plenipotentiary upon questions growing out of the treaty, has been concluded, it is expected that regular Ministers will be accredited by each to the other of the two great powers.

The Town of Susa.

The name popularly applied to the great Alpine tunnel is strictly a misnomer. Mont Cenis lies about fifteen miles from the tunnel, to the southwest, and the perforation is really through the heart of Mont Fréjus. It is difficult, however, to change a name which has once become familiar to the public, and the great work will probably continue to bear the name of Mont Cenis. The little town of Susa, represented in our engraving, possesses an interest as being situated at the foot of this mountain, and at the junction of two of the former routes across the Alps. Numerous antiquities are here interspersed among modern edifices. It has a remarkable arch and a Gothic cathedral. Above the town are extensive ruins of the fortress of La Brunetta, and a steep height, 11,000 feet above the sea, crowned by a chapel, to which an annual procession takes place.

A Swimming Class at Brighton, England.

Classes for the purpose of teaching ladies how to swim are often held on the beach at Brighton, by a distinguished professor of the art, whose achievements in the water and gallant rescues from drowning are frequently recorded in the local press. Being patronized by some of the most influential inhabitants of the town, the scene depicted in our illustration has become quite an institution of the place, and affords daily excitement to the idlers, to whom these little varieties of seaside life are a welcome relief to the monotonous amusement afforded by the commoner objects of the seashore. The fair pupils, we understand, soon acquire, and often excel in, the art of swimming. Every man and every woman ought to learn to swim. Every non-swimmer who goes out in a boat, risks not only her own life, but the lives of her companions. The pleasure of bathing, too, is enormously enhanced when you can swim. To bathe without swimming is little better than paddling.

The Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park.

The gardens of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park, with their gorgeous flower-beds, trim lawns, and retiring paths between the shrubberies or beneath the trees, would be an inviting walk in Summer, though without the wonderful collection of beasts, birds, fishes and reptiles there displayed to a wondering multitude. Summer has now given way to early Autumn, but these gardens are still delightful, and if the fashionable season be past, and the Guards' band on Saturday, and the privileged admission on Sunday, have ceased to bring in a crowd of well-dressed gentility, as in the bright days of June, the sixpenny visitors on Monday can enjoy themselves here as much as before. To see the children assembled round the mighty elephants, at the hour appointed for riding up and down the broad path, where the huge soft feet are wont to pace with a noiseless tread, is an interesting and pleasing exhibition of youthful humanity which should be more attractive to the kindly observer than any exotic variety of bestial existence. The ambitious little candidates for a seat upon the grand creature's lofty back, which to their eyes must appear forty or fifty feet in height, show as great an amount of courage in daring to mount him as in any action or adventure of their short past lives; and, when the stately, gentle monster begins his safe and easy march, with half a company of infantry in possession of his vast body, which seems a moving hill, the glorious exultation of that moment is not to be surpassed.

SCIENTIFIC.

ONE of the largest blasts of gunpowder on record has lately been reported as having been fired in the quarries of Borrow, Argyleshire, Scotland. These quarries are in the mountain Ben Durinish, on Loch Etive. The mine which had been constructed was, of course, unusually large, and a considerable amount of labor and much time had been expended upon it. It was charged with four tons of gunpowder, in two portions, one consisting of two and a half tons, and the other of one and a half tons. Everything being prepared, the powder was fired by electricity, when the quantity of rock displaced, by a silent bursting power, was computed by measurement to be 80,000 tons.

It is well known that in different parts of the world there are people who eat earth; among them are some of the natives of Java, who eat a red kind of earth as a luxury. This earth, which is soft and smooth to the touch, has been analyzed by a German chemist, who finds it very rich in iron, with a small quantity of potassa and soda. Some tribes eat earth to stay the pangs of hunger, by filling their stomachs, and because, at times, they can get nothing better; but the people in Java eat their earth, baked in thin cakes, as an agreeable variety in their general diet.

The cakes, when slightly moistened, are rich and unctuous, and the enjoyment in eating is supposed to consist in the sensation produced by a fatty substance. It is a curious fact in the history of human habits.

BEET ROOT SUGAR.—The discovery of the presence of sugar in beet was made in 1747, by a Prussian chemist, named Margraaf, but his discovery was at first considered rather in the light of a scientific than of a practically useful character. It formed the subject of a communication to one of the learned societies in Berlin; and, for several years afterward, the sugar so produced was considered an article of curiosity, and was, consequently, sold at fancy prices. Forty or fifty years elapsed before any experiments were made for the purpose of putting the discovery into practice, with the idea of extracting the sugar for actual use. These experiments, however, did not succeed, owing to the imperfect manner in which they were carried out; and the beet-sugar manufacture would, possibly, even then, have resulted in utter failure, had not Napoleon I., by excluding British colonial produce from France, rendered it necessary for some new method to be devised for supplying France with sugar. Prizes were offered, and many plans submitted. The Government, however, gave its support to the beet as the most likely source of success. Experiments were again renewed, and the result proved satisfactory; so that, by 1812, this branch of manufacture was, for a time, placed on a firm footing in France. In 1814, however, the French markets again being opened, large quantities of cane-sugar at once appeared from the West Indies, and beet-sugar again fell into the background. A system of heavy and increasing duties continued to be levied upon colonial sugar till the year 1822, when the duty became so high as actually to amount to a prohibition to its entrance into French ports, and again the beet-root factories began to flourish. At the present time, or rather before the war broke out, hundreds of millions of pounds were made and consumed. Germany and France produce the largest quantity, Russia following close behind. It is, however, feared that the 300,000 tons of beet-root sugar which was the estimated produce of France for 1870, will have been for the most part lost, owing to the interruption of the harvesting of the roots, and the consequent stoppage of the operations of the sugar factories.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE King of Bavaria has forbidden Freemasonry in his service.

REMARKABLE coincidence: Two members of the Cabinet are in Washington at the same time.

FEMALE agitation is going beyond civil suffrage. As the Winter ball-season approaches, she insists on her right to bare arms.

THE report that a marriage was projected between Prince Arthur and the Princess Thyra, of Denmark, is pronounced untrue.

THE Egyptians will have to pay the Khédive about \$36,000,000 this year, and after paying all expenses, he will have about \$4,300,000 left.

A GERMAN officer writes to the *London Telegraph*, indignantly denying Lord Shaftesbury's statement that piety prevails in the Prussian army.

DURING his progress through the provinces, King Amadeus has made donations amounting to \$250,000, and has received thirty thousand petitions.

THE Russian Envoy will prove to the coming Alexis a guide, philosopher, and friend; an oracle on matters of doubt—a Calcasay-m, in short.

ROGERS, the defaulting cashier of the Pejeepscot National Bank of Brunswick, Me., has been sentenced to six years at hard labor in the State Prison.

THE bravest man in Tennessee lives at Shelby Dépôt. After six months of widowhood, he married his mother-in-law, who is twenty years his senior.

MINNEAPOLIS thinks a two-legged calf a rare enough thing to exhibit at its fair. Minneapolis has evidently not had much experience of political conventions.

MR. GILMORE reports having succeeded in obtaining from the English Secretary of War the promise of a band of the Guards for his concert in Boston next Summer.

MISS SPAULDING, M.D., of Sandusky, amputated a man's leg a few days ago. Who wouldn't have a leg amputated if it could be done by the hands of a handsome girl?

ONE Eager, of St. Louis, was so eager to leave this world, that he made a hole in the Mississippi at that place. Lottery tickets and the river together were too much for him.

THE animosity between the agricultural population and the whisky manufacturers is explained by the circumstance that the former are tillers and the latter are distillers.

LONDON is a wonderful city. Every eight minutes, night and day, one person dies; every five minutes, one is born; 800,000 have been added to the population since 1851. It is a world in itself.

DR. SCHOEPE, who is neither hanged nor pardoned yet, has been endeavoring to secure employment in translating official documents into German, to while away the tediousness of his prison life.

THE Brooklyn Union, a strong Grant organ, insists upon the resignation of Thomas Murphy. It says that his resignation would increase the prospects for a Republican victory in this State fifty per cent.

A FUNSTER suggests that young women have adopted the masculine exercise of boat-racing because they think it's row-man-tic. Nothing of the sort. It's because it develops the chest and makes them row-bust.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have decided to present a silver medal to a Longshoreman named Hussey, for saving a horse from drowning. Active steps are also being taken by the Society to test the legality of pigeon-shooting.

BARON VON ARNIM, German Ambassador, has requested President Thiers to become the recipient of a Prussian decoration, in token of the respect and esteem entertained toward him by the Prussian Government. The President, however, has positively refused to accept the proffered honor.

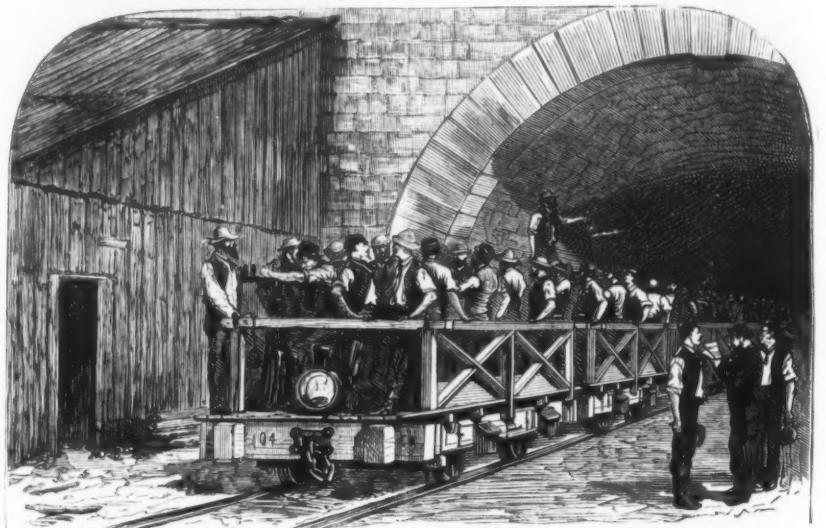
MISS FRANCES VONSTORY, of Nashville, came into court last week with the conventional broken-vow story, and received \$10,000 from Mr. J. Flynn for breach of promise. A Western man's love-suit always leads to a law-suit. If he don't marry, he is sued for breach of promise; and if he do, he is sued for divorce.

SOME of the London papers have styled the Princess Louise the Marchioness of Lorne. One of the morning papers called her "the Princess-Marchioness." This (says the *Court Journal*), is incorrect. Her Majesty's fourth daughter, notwithstanding her marriage, will remain the Princess Louise, and will be known by that name only.

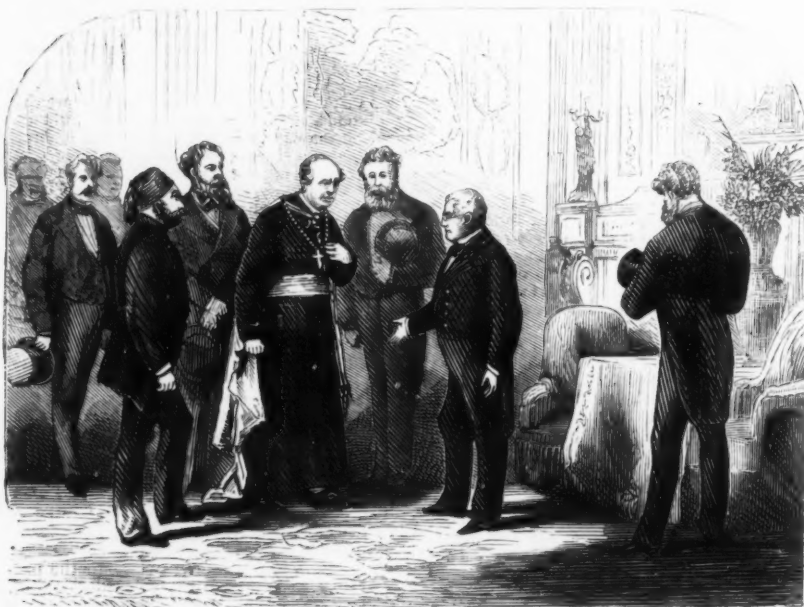
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



ITALY.—LAYING THE LAST RAIL OF THE MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL.



ITALY.—WORKMEN LEAVING THE MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL, UPON ITS COMPLETION.



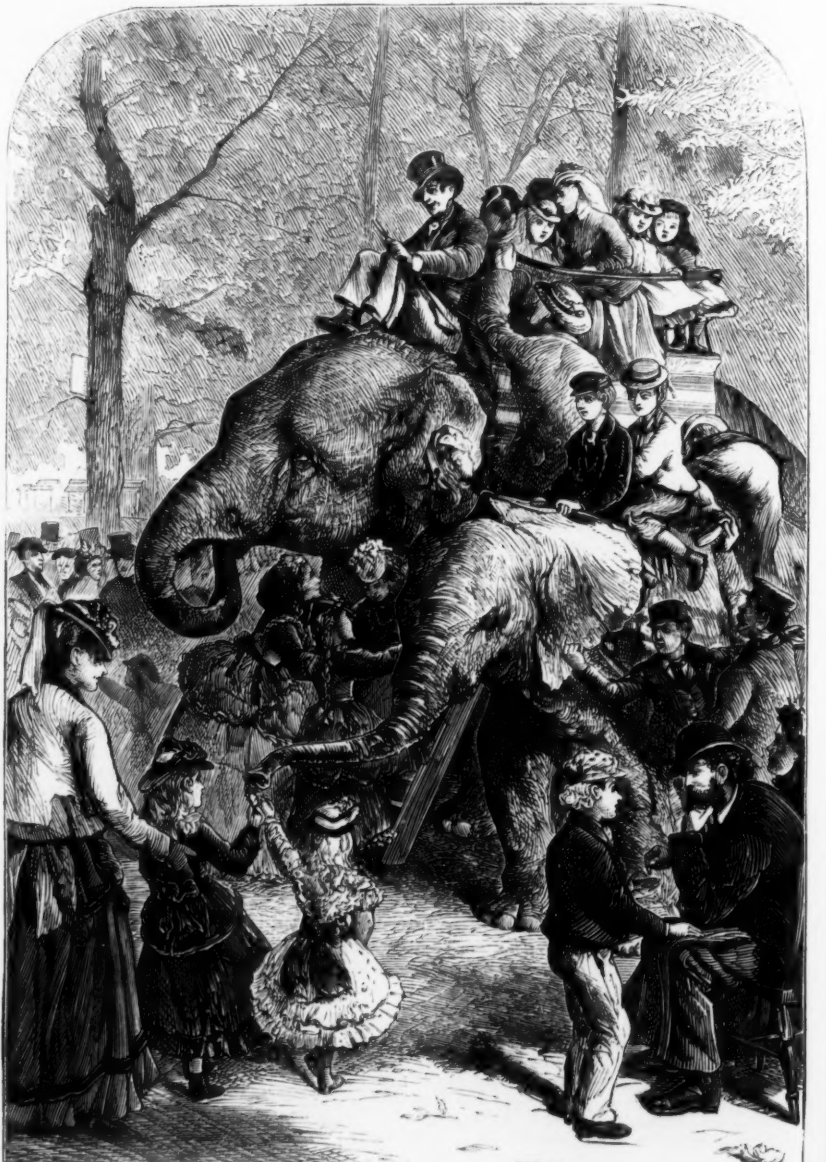
FRANCE.—THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS PRESENTING THEIR CONGRATULATIONS TO PRESIDENT THIERS.



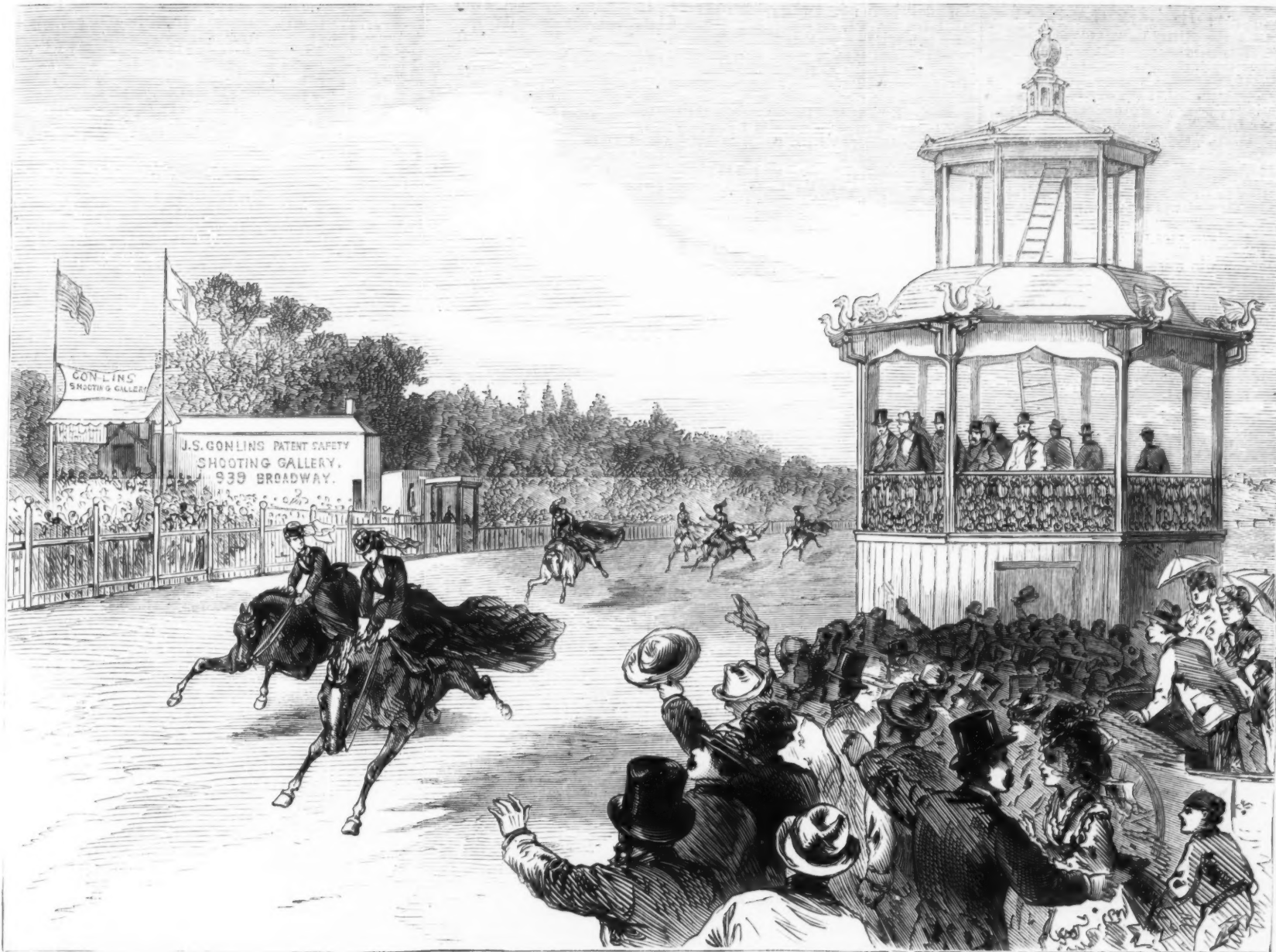
ENGLAND.—A SWIMMING CLASS AT BRIGHTON.



ITALY.—THE TOWN OF SUBA, AT THE FOOT OF MONT CÉNIS.



ENGLAND.—MONDAY AFTERNOON AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.



NEW YORK.—GRAND FESTIVAL AT THE FASHION COURSE, L. I., IN AID OF THE UNION HOME FOR SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' ORPHANS—LADIES' EQUESTRIAN RACE—THE HOME STRETCH.

THE FESTIVAL FOR THE UNION HOME AND SCHOOL.

THE opening of the grand military festival and *fête champêtre*, in aid of the Union Home and School for the education and maintenance of the destitute and orphan children of soldiers and sailors, took place on Monday, October 2d, at the Fashion Course, West Flushing, L. I. This series of entertainment is for a most commendable object, as the entire country is interested in the welfare of the children rendered necessitous by the loss of fathers during our great struggle. Even were the benevolent institution to derive no aid from the enterprise, the programme is of such a comprehensive and varied character, that, as a means of securing personal enjoyment, it should be well patronized.

We give an illustration of the ladies' equestrian race on the second day of the *fête*, for which there were six entries. The unfortunate condition of the weather prevented as large an attendance as was anticipated; but we trust this lack of visitors will be more than made up during the remaining days of the festival.

MRS. CHARLES MOULTON.

THE portrait herewith presented is of one of the most distinguished American singers who has yet won the admiration and critical praise of Europe. Mrs. Charles Moulton, although unknown to the profession as a public singer, has attained to a position in lyric art seldom occupied even by the great artists who have given their talents to the world. She was born in Cambridge, Mass., inheriting from American parents the most characteristic virtues of Puritan stock, and the musical talents of a whole generation of cultivated singers. At a very early age she evinced remarkable vocal gifts, and the temperament of an artist which attracted the attention of observing friends beyond the immediate family circle of admirers. So pronounced were her vocal powers, so unusually delicate her perceptions, and so marvelous her execution of music, that she became the prima donna of a select world by divine right.

A girl who at fourteen can sing "*Casta diva*," and "*Ernani duvoluti*" at a public concert, and arrest the attention of a critical assemblage by the skill of execution and the mature delicacy of her method, is a phenomenon in art.

Mrs. Moulton's talents were, however, kept strictly within the arena of private life. Every facility that generous and influential relatives could offer was granted to develop and mature her gifts. When but eighteen she was sent to Germany, to study under the best masters. Here she attracted the attention of the King of Saxony almost immediately, and in spite of every precaution taken to prevent publicity, she was forced into the distinguished court circles of Dresden, and almost at once made

the object of the most extraordinary attentions from the musicians residing there. The flattery of so eminent an assemblage did not deter her from the prosecution of her studies. She went to Paris with her mother, residing there some time in studious retirement, and then proceeded to London, where she became the pupil of the famous Garcia. Her progress under the instruction of this eminent master was such as to win from him exceptional praise. He coupled her name with that of Mailbran, and wrote of her that she possessed the most exquisite voice he had ever heard.

After a preliminary course, she went to Italy, and became the protégée of the veteran *maestro* Romain, who added his tributes to those of Garcia. On again visiting Paris, she became the favorite in a select coterie of musicians. Rossini said of her, when he heard her sing for the first time: "*Voilà la voix! I have heard it before in my imagination.*"

It was during this residence in Paris that she formed the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Moulton, whom she subsequently married. Here, also, an intimacy sprang up with Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and Mme. Schrader Devrient. It was through the influence of the latter that Mrs. Moulton began a regular course of operatic studies and prepared herself for a professional life.

On returning to America, however, her friends opposed the step, and she abandoned it, never for a moment relinquishing her studies. Not long after, she visited Paris again, and was married. The festivities incident to this event threw her into the most exclusive court circles of that gay metropolis. She became an intimate friend of the Empress Eugénie, and no ball or party at the Tuilleries was reckoned complete without the American belle. She was flattered, fêted, and sought after. Auber composed a *benedictus* for her. She sung at the chapel of the Tuilleries, and the place was besieged by all the resident and visiting nobility. Probably no other American woman ever received so many social honors, or is more generally beloved.

When in America, she was besought on all hands to appear in public; and the one occasion upon which she consented must be fresh in the minds of the musical people of New York. It was at the Dramatic Fund Concert, given two years ago at the Academy of Music. Nor can the success she then achieved have been forgotten. Her sweet, emotional *mezzo-soprano* voice seemed a revelation in art, and her exquisite style and wonderful beauty produced a profound impression.

Residing all through the French war in Paris, her American friends only heard of her at intervals, and then in connection with some charity. She has now returned to her native country, resolved at last to enter the professional field. Society is, of course, agog, and musical circles await her entrance into the public concert room with a nervous anxiety that is entirely new.



MRS. CHARLES MOULTON, THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CANTATRICE.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Cold the Wintry blast is blowing,
Keenly drives the sleet and rain,
And there comes a feeble tapping
At the frosted window-pane,
Who is it that to the casement
For admission shyly comes?
As I live, 'tis Robin Redbreast,
Starved, and seeking after crumbs!

You shall have them, pretty Robin
All your troubles now are o'er;
Hop in freely! Don't be frightened—
Range at will about the floor,
You are hungry now, sweet Robin,
And can very friendly be;
But when Summer brings you plenty,
You will scarcely look at me.

Yet I will not chide thee, Robin,
I have tried the world, and know
That humanity is like thee,
As the seasons come and go,
Lovers are like thee, sweet Robin,
When 'tis Winter in the heart—
When our love dispels that Winter,
Like thee, Robin, they depart.

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE POWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—SUSPECTED!

For a moment the old man recoiled with uncontrollable horror; then, seeing Gertrude's wistful, innocent eyes fixed on him interrogatively, he said softly to her:

"My poor, dear child, I was terrified for a moment at seeing this in your possession."

"Why, what is it?" she asked.

"Poison!"

"Guy gave it to me just now, when we were coming in," she said, with a gulp and a sob; then suddenly catching sight of a new expression of anguish on the face of his mother and sisters, she grew very white, and trembled, and said, hoarsely:

"You don't—you can't—oh, good heaven! I can't speak it. You don't think that!"

For answer, the half-despairing young matron heard a shuddering wall of woe from them all.

"My dear child, my dear Mrs. Guy, no! we don't think anything so monstrous!" the good old doctor cried out, stoutly. "I was shocked at the sudden confirmation of my opinion that the poor boy was poisoned, which the sight of this little bag offered; but no more, no more. Let me implore you all to be calmer, in order that more dread misery may be averted."

And by this time the servants were in the room—weeping, wondering, surmising, over the dead body of the young master, and catching up scraps of conversation, and misinterpreting things, and preparing unconsciously to do a power of mischief, should the opportunity, by any fatal chance, be afforded them.

"I am in a dream!" Gertrude wailed, raising her arms over her head and clasping her hands there. She had not loved her husband; she had bitterly repented of her weakness in marrying him. But, for all that, her heart was heavy as human heart can be, at the untowardness of the fate which had overtaken him; for he was her cousin, too. She had known him from her babyhood, and, sharpest sting of all, her thoughts of him had been hard on this very day.

"I shall never forgive myself—never, never, never!" she moaned, going up to his weeping mother with an irresistibly pleading grace. She was thinking of the quarrels which had embittered their brief married life; but the old doctor knew, by an instinct, how awfully her words might be misapplied, and he besought her to be silent—to go to her room until he could speak to her quietly.

"How afraid you are for Gertrude to open her mouth!" Louisa said, pausing in her weeping—pausing with a fierce light sweeping over her face, as if some dark thought had illumined her mind. Then Gertrude rose from her place at her dead husband's mother's side, and, with a dread feeling of sickness and faintness upon her, went away to her own room.

When he had spoken a few of the kindly words of comfort usual in such cases—words that are only conventional, because there is nothing new to say about death and sorrow and bereavement—when he had said a few of these words to the mother and sisters, to whom Guy had been very dear, the doctor planned a move.

"I'll go and have a look at that poor, desolate young creature up-stairs, now," he said, with the air of its being a sudden thought.

"I will go with you," Louisa said, springing up; but he repulsed her gently.

"Nay, my dear. I have a few questions to ask her, that it is not well a girl—an unmarried girl—should hear."

"Some one shall hear them," Lou said, determinedly. Then she put her hand on her mother's shoulder, and said, earnestly: "Rouse yourself, mother; it is your duty to do it. Rouse yourself, and go up with the doctor to see Gertrude."

In a dim kind of way Mrs. Oliver appeared to recognize that her daughter was demanding something of her (Mrs. Oliver) as a right.

"What good shall I do going up to Gertrude, who looks down on us all, even as she always looked down on that poor boy who is lying there dead?" she moaned, pettishly.

"She never loved him, doctor; hear me say it, all of you; she never loved him, and what wickedness was in her heart when she married

him I don't know; but I do say, and I will say, and I can say, that my belief is, if he hadn't married her, we should have had our boy with us still!" And then motherly strength came in and almost banished the memory of the womanly weakness this speech had been redolent of, and she flung herself back in her chair and groaned out, "Guy dead! my Guy—my son Guy dead! What's come to me that I can't cry? have I no feeling left? am I now too old for sorrow!"

How pitiable it all was! How full of pity for the bereft mother was the good old doctor's heart! But in the midst of his sympathy for her, he had a thought for that poor, harassed girl up-stairs. And so he quietly slipped away, and got himself as speedily as he could to her room.

She was standing at her window, looking out at the field-path through which she had walked home with Guy that very afternoon. She started round with a shudder when she heard the door open; and her eyes were very wistful.

"My dear Gerty," her old friend said, rapidly, "I have come to tell you to volunteer a statement before it is wrested from you; tell openly and clearly how that bag of deadly poison came into your possession."

"Why?" she asked, with eager eyes.

"Your reputation—your life, in fact, depends upon it," he said, solemnly; "your husband has died of poison, and poison has been found on you—"

"And you think me a murderer!" she said, shivering from head to foot.

"Heaven forgive you for doing me such an injustice," he replied, warmly. "I only indicate to you what others may do." Then the poor old gentleman groaned in spirit over his own hardheartedness, in so much as hinting at such a possibility to the innocent-eyed girl whom he had known so long. But even as he was about to add a word or two of caution—even as he was about to beseech her to cease from the utterance of those self-reproaches which might be heard and misunderstood, Mrs. Oliver came into the room.

"What are you closeted here with Gertrude for?" she asked, complainingly; "really, you behave as if she were the only one to be considered in this trial, which isn't half as heavy on her as it is on me, who loved him all his life. Oh, my son! my son!"

The old, old story of the mother weeping for the child who goes before her, is terribly touching, let it be told in what language it may be. Gertrude's tender heart was sorely wrung, as she listened to the prolonged cadence of misery. And presently she went up to Mrs. Oliver, and whispered between her own sobs:

"Dear aunt, let me comfort you, at least, by sorrowing with you."

"Be off from me, viper!" Mrs. Oliver cried, with a most unaffected shudder; and the poor girl fell back as if she had been stabbed, crying out, faintly: "What does this mean?—what does this mean?"

"It means that I am not going to be deceived by this show and pretense," Mrs. Oliver gasped out; "it means that if my boy came to his death by foul means—"

"It means that Mrs. Oliver is beside herself with grief," the doctor said, sternly. "Gertrude, my child, be patient and forbearing; your father and mother will be with you very soon."

It is not necessary, for the development of the story, to dwell on each detail of this dreadful night. The Maskelynes came to their daughter, and all that love could do to soothe grief that was not born of love for the lost man, was done by them to assuage the something sharper than grief that poor Gertrude felt.

Two mornings after this, the sun was shining brightly in Maud Mohan's boudoir. Her uncle had given her free control over the suite of rooms of which this quaintly-shaped one was the end, and Maud had made it very pretty with glass, and rose-colored draperies, and flowers. Fair as the shrine was, the goddess was fairer. She was absolutely brilliant this morning with love and joy. She had received a telegram the day before from her lover, telling her that he had left Colton Towers (he left immediately after that parting with Gertrude which has been described—left within the hour), on a flying visit to an old college friend, and that he should be with her this very morning on which I introduce you to her boudoir.

She was sitting on a nest of cushions near to an open window that gave, in one sheet of plate-glass, upon a flower-laden balcony. The balcony itself was covered in with glass; accordingly, the rarest tropical flowers grew there, luxuriantly as in a hot-house. A low round table by her side, covered with books, magazines and newspapers, divided her attention with a piece of lace-work.

It was the end of the month, and the magazines for the succeeding one were only just out, and Maud was following the fortunes of the heroes and heroines of at least half a dozen serial stories with the avidity that characterized everything she did. She had rushed through many chapters this morning, delivering a musing commentary to herself on each installment as she finished it. And up to the present time she had not had a moment to spare for the news of the day.

Her spoken critiques ran somewhat after this fashion: "Irrepressible Charles Lever! his 'Nina' of to-day is as fresh and fascinating as his 'Baby Blake,' of a century ago nearly, was. I wonder where he learnt to know that type of woman? I should hate to hear that he had only invented her, and that she didn't really exist. Oh! Mr. Anthony Trollope, I never believed in a double existence until I took to your novels, and now I'm sorry to say I care for all your 'circle' in 'St. Paul's' quite as much as I do for my own in real life, and I do feel uncomfortable when I'm kept in suspense a month, as to whether or not that darling Ralph throws himself away on a tailor's

daughter. What a thing it must be to have that woman's power of putting a certain type of coterie to the blush!" (This last remark was made in the middle of a killing chapter of "Ought we to Visit Her?") How can the Great Unknown who is tracking out "John Jasper's Secret" ever be thanked enough for bravely unraveling the "Mystery of Edwin Drood"? Well, for my part, I could not fight under your flag, madame the estimable authoress of "John Halifax"! now you have raised it on behalf of marrying sisters-in-law! But, you're a charming writer, nevertheless. And now it's really time to look at what's going on about me."

She took up the *Times* as she spoke, and was about to open it, when a loud knock echoed through the house, and presently Sir Edward Maskelyne appeared. And then she rose up, the brilliant, beautiful creature, and welcomed him as only a woman who loves a man can welcome him.

"How well and bright you are looking, my Maud!" he said, admiringly.

"And I can return the compliment, Ted. My absence seems to have agreed with you; you look three times as well as when I left you."

"Because my mind has been relieved of one great anxiety, that has oppressed it for a long time, Maud!" he said, eagerly. And then he went on to tell that the "Mrs. Vesey," whose residence at Haddingham had caused such a scandal, was now happily restored to her husband, the "old college friend," with whom he had just been staying.

"His father and he have come into the title and property, and can acknowledge his wife. Heaven be thanked!" he said, sympathetically. "She's Lady Verulam now, Maud, and you and she will get on like wild-fire, I hope."

"I hope we will," she said. Then, she added, rather more gravely: "And how about your cousin Gertrude, Ted?"

"Oh! that's altogether too miserable a business for me to speak of it with patience," he said, rising, and walking up and down the room.

"Have you seen her, as I begged you to do?"

"Yes, Maud; and with all my heart I wish I had not seen her," he said, with an amount of energy that seemed vastly disproportionate to the quiet family topic they were discussing. Maud felt herself wince with a spasm of pain, of a kind that was new to her, as she watched his restlessness, and listened to his words.

"Was she too unhappy, or too happy, Ted?" she asked, coldly.

"It's not like you to ask that question in that tone," he said, eagerly. "She was—poor girl! poor Gerty!—she was simply wretched and reckless, Maud; and I look to you to help to soften her, and reconcile her to her lot."

This little burst of enthusiasm had carried them so far out of the every-day manner of their set, that they had some little difficulty in toning themselves down after it. Generous and free from the taint of jealousy as Maud was, she did wish that she had not referred to Gertrude quite so early in their interview. Chivalric and free from aught that was mean and degrading, as her feelings toward Gertrude were in the abstract, it did strike her as being a trifle hard "and trying" (as women phrase it), that Ted should be so emotional still on Gerty's behalf. "Why won't he leave all that to me?" she thought. "I'd love her, and pity her, and befriend her, if she'd let me; but when a girl has married a brute, a Bayard must be an unsafe friend for her! Come! I'll take Ted off the topic, or my sunny morning will be clouded."

She took up two or three papers, as she thought this, and asked him had he seen the news? Was there anything worth reading? Asked him these questions with the unconcern that came of her ignorance of the horrible climax they were so fast approaching.

She had the knack of gleaming the best grain, very quickly, from the field of journalism. She skimmed the situation in Paris; lamented with Ted the downfall and destruction of some of their idols in the Louvre; laughed with him over a long and involved case of false impersonation, by which a title and a large property were being jeopardized; and finally turned to the "Press Telegram" column, wherein every scrap of intelligence worth repeating, from every corner of the country, was to be found.

He was sitting by her, as she nestled in among her cushions, reading—not looking over the papers, but just listening to the sweet, sure tones of her voice, and thinking what "a lucky fellow he was, after all!" After all what? After having looked upon and loved Gertrude, is supposed to be what he meant.

Yes, he was fain to confess that the law of compensation had worked well in his case. That girl, for whom his heart had been sick, had a power of pain and an element of recklessness in her that might not always work harmoniously with her surroundings; whereas bright, beautiful Maud was like pure sunshine. "My darling!" he whispered, bending down to kiss her; and even as he did it, Maud shivered from head to foot, and cried out:

"Ted—oh, Ted, am I mad? Read—!" And the words died away on her tongue, as she pointed to a paragraph, wherein it was briefly told that young Mrs. Guy Oliver, of Albridge, was arrested for the murder of her husband!

THAT HORRIBLE GIRL.

"Nothing could be more unexpected, Malcolm," Mrs. Pinkney was saying. "Of all people, you are the last one from whom I dreamed of receiving the honor of a visit this Summer. However, Myrtlehead bids you all welcome."

"Thanks, aunt."

The stage-coach had just brought Malcolm Rhue from the dépôt, and he stood now in Mrs. Pinkney's breezy drawing-room, slowly drawing off his gloves, while one level beam from the golden evening sun slanted in through the window behind him, and tinged his fine brown curls.

"You are looking well, Malcolm," Mrs. Pinkney said, watching her nephew rather closely for a moment; "and yet—"

Malcolm's handsome dark eyes were lifted from his gloves to the face of his aunt Pinkney. "And yet careworn, worried—as though I had seen some sudden trouble that had not had time enough to pull me down, but was making its mark nevertheless. Is that what you wanted to say, aunt?" Then Malcolm dropped his eyes upon his gloves again.

"Gracious, no!" replied Mrs. Pinkney, in alarmed tones. "But, now that I look at you more attentively, Malcolm, it does seem as if something of that sort was the matter."

Malcolm Rhue laughed a low, bitter laugh. "I don't mind telling you the truth, aunt," his grave voice presently said. "I have just come from the funeral of my best friend."

"Oh, Malcolm!"

"Vane Clemenman—you have heard me speak of him, I dare say. He committed suicide. The whole blow has unnerved me wretchedly. I came up here for a little rest and quiet."

"Which you shall have, my poor boy, to your heart's content," said Mrs. Pinkney, with immense sympathy. "But pray tell me a little more. This Vane Clemenman committed suicide, you say. Was there any reason, Malcolm, for the act?"

Malcolm Rhue had turned a shade paler now, and there was a nervous gnawing of his lower lip visible to Mrs. Pinkney. After a little silence, he said, in tones so deep and solemn that they seemed sullen and ill-humored:

"Only this reason: a woman had deceived him wretchedly, a few months previous to the affair. It was the old story, aunt—a brave, true, devoted heart matched against the designing hollowiness of a professional flirt. Malcolm's face was very stern indeed, now. "Vane Clemenman's own hand-buried in his brain the pistol-bullet that killed him," he went on; "but, to my thinking, he is no more of a suicide than that girl was a murderer."

"Heavens, Malcolm! Perhaps you wrong the poor creature by such a reckless assertion."

"It is not recklessly spoken, aunt. Nay, far from that! At an hour when it was too late to save poor Vane, I received a letter from him, telling me all. He was an artist, you know. Last Summer, while sketching somewhere among the mountains, he met this creature. It was Vane's first love. He believed her angelic—incapable of the least deceit. Well, she jilted the poor fellow shamefully before they separated that Summer. Afterward, he visited her in New York, beside himself with wretched despair; but she was even more haughty and contemptuous then, being surrounded by her fashionable town-friends. Her treatment resulted, some months afterward, in what you know."

"Very terrible," murmured Mrs. Pinkney. "Did he give you the lady's name?"

Malcolm's brow was like a thundercloud, as he answered: "Yes. Never mind what it is just now, please. I think she and I will be quits one day," he added, with a glitter in his eyes that, somehow, made his hearer shudder.

"Do you mean to be revenged upon her, Malcolm?"

"I most certainly do," was the calmly-spoken, yet emphatic, answer.

"Dear me!" shivered Mrs. Pinkney, not a little laughably. "What are you ever going to do, I should like to know?"

Malcolm smiled upon his aunt now very much with the same serene condescension that Manfred might have exhibited if somebody had requested an explanation of his uncanny midnight dealings. "I cannot tell you what I am going to do," he said, with placid dignity. "I have not had time to think yet. And now, aunt, I am going to ask that you will please remember what I said a few moments ago about having come to Myrtlehead for rest and quiet. Pray do not let us again recur to this mournful, harrowing subject. It is often enough present to my thoughts, without my being reminded of it, I can assure you. Do you agree, aunt?"

"Willingly, Malcolm," said Mrs. Pinkney, who, being childless and a widow herself, worshipped her only nephew in the most maternal of manners possible.

"And now tell me candidly how long I can stay at Myrtlehead?" Malcolm asked. "Is any one coming for the next fortnight? Is any one here at present?"

"To the first question I answer 'No'; to the second, 'Yes.'"

"Who is here, aunt?" Malcolm asked, carelessly enough, walking to one of the windows as he spoke, for a view out across the deep-green, cultured lawns.

"A New York girl—Henrietta Raymond. I don't think you have ever met her. She says she does not know you."

A silence. Malcolm's back was turned toward Mrs. Pinkney. She did not see the quick, spasm-like tremor that shot across his face; nor did she know, directly afterward, that her nephew was paler than any traditional ghost on record.

"I do not know her," Malcolm presently said, without facing his aunt; "but I am quite sure that I have seen her rather often. Black hair, has she not, and a tall figure, and—?"

Just then a merry peal of laughter broke from Mrs. Pinkney, followed by these words: "You arrived in time to hear yourself talked about with great personality, Henrietta. Miss Raymond, let me present my nephew, Mr. Malcolm Rhue."

Malcolm turned, gave a glance at the newcomer, and bowed very low indeed. He remembers seeing the young lady smile after that, and hearing her murmur some low, suave words to Mrs. Pinkney; he also remembers that his aunt was quite audible and affable; but the rest, until he had finally excused himself and reached his room upstairs, was all like some dim, vague unreality.

Having once reached that room, however, he locked the door and began rapidly pacing the

floor of it from end to end, telling himself that the woman whom he so loathed and hated as the cause of his friend's miserable death, was below stairs, the guest of his aunt; that her presence at Myrtlemead seemed almost like a message from poor, dead Vane Clemen; that he, Malcolm Rhue, had no right to delay his vengeance; that this vengeance must be taken during the next fortnight, swiftly and surely.

So meditated Malcolm, pacing his room from end to end. And all the while that these thoughts were passing through his mind, a single sentence was repeating itself, spoken by his white lips, through the chamber's stillness:

"That horrible girl—that horrible girl—that horrible girl!" *et cetera*, to what the reader would, I am sure, find a very tedious extent indeed.

Malcolm did not make his appearance below stairs again until dinner was announced. Then he struck Mrs. Pinkney as having been suddenly converted into "his old self." All the great personal beauty of which his manly face and figure were possessed was set off by the utmost advantages of an elegant toilet; and throughout dinner he was witty, amiable and merry, after a style that both ladies seemed greatly to appreciate.

When dinner was concluded, it somehow happened that Mrs. Pinkney's two guests found themselves seated together, enjoying a conversation in the soft starlight of the broad, open piazza at Myrtlemead. A conversation, by-the-way, which Mrs. Pinkney was benevolent enough not to interrupt for several hours. When that lady at length appeared on the piazza, however, she discovered, even by the dim light which reigned there, that Miss Henrietta Raymond's fair, oval, classic-molded face wore an expression of mingled pleasure and excitement.

Malcolm Rhue did more of his sentinel-like pacing, that night, on again ascending to his room. He was not a man who often audibly expressed his thoughts; but to-night the following words, muttered incoherently rather than spoken, escaped his lips:

"I think the way is clear. When I put forth every effort, I believe that I can always succeed in making a woman's foundations, so to phrase it, totter at their very base. Poor Vane! he had not my social practice in this sort of thing. How clever and charming that horrible girl really is! I begin to understand my dead friend's reckless passion."

During the next day, and the next, and in truth for many days afterward, Malcolm Rhue's attentions to Henrietta Raymond were in the last degree what is termed devoted. She, for her part, at first received these attentions with a gracious, gentle dignity that assuredly told no story of their doing more than proving an agreeable pastime. At length, however, the acute watchfulness of Mrs. Pinkney discovered signs of a complete surrender, so to express it. She would flush a little too vividly, her hostess thought, when Malcolm approached—would reveal in a hundred silent ways that the man whose time had been passed so exclusively in her society was surely and steadily winning his way beyond the limits of ordinary acquaintanceship. "I am certain Henrietta has fallen in love with him," Mrs. Pinkney thought. "I do so hope that Malcolm at last means seriously, after all his careless flirtations."

She was right; Malcolm did mean seriously, though not in the same sense as his aunt would have had him.

One evening at dinner Henrietta Raymond announced her near departure. Mrs. Pinkney was courteously prompt with her—"Can't you stay a few days longer, my dear?" but Malcolm said nothing.

Indeed, his silence lasted throughout the rest of the meal, and augured well in the mind of his aunt.

"I should not be at all surprised" was Mrs. Pinkney's mental observation, "if he intended proposing this very evening!"

After dinner Mr. Malcolm went out alone for what proved a long walk among the twilight shrubberies of the lawns. If there had been any one near him during that solitary walk, that person might have seen in his knit brows and compressed lips the unmistakable signs which print themselves on the face of the man who suffers keen mental torture. Torture—that was the word. Malcolm Rhue was well aware that his vengeance now trembled, so to speak, upon the verge of consummation. Henrietta Raymond loved him passionately; every look, every action betrayed such love. He had only to approach her side, now, and deal the blow. One or two contemptuous sneers would be enough. After that, Vane Clemen's ghost need call no more for vengeance.

And yet, Malcolm paused before dealing his blow. And why?

Because, though he had set about his merciless work in the coldest spirit of malicious hate, day by day he had felt a power, stronger than he knew how to cope with, turning that hate into its veriest opposite. Yes, illogically, foolishly, stupidly, if you please, he loved Henrietta Raymond. This is what made his present task of vengeance, that he had believed would be so keen a joy, nothing less bitter than an absolute agony!

And yet, he resolved not to shrink from his stern purpose. He would deal the blow, though it recoiled with tenfold violence back upon himself. There was something sublime about the dogged sternness with which he at length ended all further meditation and re-entered the house, determined to spare neither himself nor Henrietta Raymond.

He found her alone in the sitting-room. She looked up, as he entered, from the book she was reading, and something in her lovely blue eyes made his heart beat almost spasmodically, strong man that he was.

She opened conversation with a few words whose sense he did not catch, so preoccupied was his mind, just then, with thoughts of how best to make known his cruel design. Pres-

sently there was a little silence, and then Miss Raymond spoke again.

"Do you not think so, Mr. Rhue?" she asked. "To be candid, I have not heard what you have been saying. No doubt it was very rude in me; but somehow my thoughts to-night have been occupied, oddly enough, with memories."

"Memories, Mr. Rhue?" "Yes; I have been thinking of a dead friend—a man who was once very dear to me. Shall I tell you his name, Miss Raymond?" He had drawn close to the edge of the table, and was slightly leaning over it now, both his eyes fixed keenly on her face.

She drew back a little. "If you wish," was the answer, spoken in surprised tones.

"I do wish. I wish, because you murdered the man by the gross cruelty of your treatment. His name was Vane Clemen."

A dead silence. He had leaned lower across the table, and his eyes were fixed even more keenly still upon her face. That face was white as marble; but now a kind of proud look had settled about the mouth, and something like a flash of scorn lit the eyes.

Henrietta Raymond was the first to speak. "I understand you, Mr. Rhue, I think. Your intention is to go beyond the barriers of commonest politeness, and shamefully to insult me. Is it not so?"

"Pshaw!" he answered, with a sneer; "this is no time to talk of politeness. I gave you credit for more cleverness than to fall back upon that bald pretext. You must have heard of Vane Clemen's suicide."

"I did hear of it, and pitied the poor, misguided man with all my soul."

"Pitied him! Your pity came rather late, I fancy."

"What do you mean?" She had risen to her feet now, and stood superbly defiant in look and attitude. "I always pitied him, even after his monomania for believing that I had consented to marry him became too evident, and at last made his society inexpressibly annoying to me."

Malcolm Rhue sprang forward then, and seized her arm just by the wrist, not roughly, but with firm pressure.

"For God's sake, Henrietta Raymond!" he murmured, huskily, "tell me the plain truth, and do not try to deceive me. Did you never engage yourself to Vane Clemen?"

"Never! as I am a Christian woman! From the first moment I discovered what his wishes were, I told him plainly and promptly that I could not be his wife. After that, I have always thought something drove him suddenly insane—perhaps the love he bore me; for again and again he would repeat, in my hearing and the hearing of one or two intimate friends, that I had sworn to marry him. When I left M——, where I had first met him, and returned to town, those friends counseled me to receive no further visits from Vane Clemen. But I refused, and through sheer pity, to take their advice. The result was, that he visited me four times in New York; but the fourth time was the last. If his conduct during that fourth visit was not precisely violent, it was certainly the conduct of a confirmed monomaniac. I bore, for days afterward, on my shoulder, the mark of where he had clutched it."

As her voice died away, there came a deep silence in the sitting-room. Malcolm stood at her side, with averted head.

Suddenly he turned toward her, in a passionate, impulsive way. "Henrietta, I believe you implicitly. I ask your pardon for what I have said. Ah, more than this, I ask not alone your forgiveness, but your life-long love and trust. I shall trust you now, in spite of all past doubts."

By this time he had clasped an arm about her willing waist, and was letting tender kisses fall upon her lips and brow. Did it occur to him, while he did so, that she was "that horrible girl"? We think not.

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

On the 16th of September last, the members of the New York Stock Exchange assembled in large numbers at their building on Broad Street, near Wall, to examine the great improvements that had been made in the operating-rooms since May last. Many as were the expressions of admiration at the general arrangement and ornamentation of the various chambers, it was in the main hall that the heartiest cheers were elicited. Here the alterations were of vast extent, and the skill of the workmen elaborately exhibited. Seldom, at one time, has a larger number of the influential capitalists and brokers of the metropolis been gathered into one company. There were gentlemen whose names are well known in financial circles for strict probity and business sagacity; others, at the mere of life, who have figured on the Street and in the Board for a quarter of a century; and others again, with lithe forms and youthful faces, who have but recently entered the exciting business of exchange.

To all, this day was full of importance, marking an epoch in the existence of the Board most agreeable to the members. Young operators grasped the hands of veteran financiers, and listened to the story of early difficulties and struggles. Like other prominent institutions, this has not been exempted from depressing circumstances. For a season the wheels of Time were reversed, and the company started back on a journey to the years which gave birth and encouragement to the institution now so stanch and familiar.

On the 17th of May, 1792, a party of twenty-four gentlemen, of extensive business relations, entered into a compact for the purchase and sale of public stocks, in which it was stipulated that they would neither buy nor sell "for any person whatsoever, any kind of public stock at a less rate than one-quarter per cent. commission, on the specie value, and that we will

give a preference to each other in our negotiations." This agreement was signed by all the gentlemen, and formed the nucleus of the present Stock Exchange.

The early meetings were held under the famous old buttonwood tree then standing near Pearl Street, on Wall. Commercial industries reviving after the close of the war of 1812, the Association, with increased membership and influence, sought more commodious quarters, but it was not until 1817 that apartments of suitable size and arrangement were obtained. In that year the Society located itself in the old Tontine building, proceeded to an act of more complete organization, and issued its constitution and by-laws for the first time, in printed form. In February, 1820, this document was revised, and on being presented to the members for endorsement, it was found that the Stock Exchange Board numbered forty members—an increase of sixteen in twenty-eight years. It is gratifying to notice that several active members of that period are still living.

The qualifications for membership were, personal integrity and experience in some branch of the commission business. All contracts were made by word of honor, and the prominence of the founders was such, that full confidence was reposed by mercantile houses in the probity of the Board. Many of the descendants of these early negotiators are to be seen, day after day, on 'Change, still acting on the principles of the primitive organization.

From this time, the location of the Board was subject to frequent change. In 1841 it occupied apartments in the Merchants' Exchange building; in 1854, in the Corn Exchange Bank edifice; and in 1857, in Lord's buildings, on Beaver Street. Heretofore, the Board had been in the habit of appropriating its surplus funds to benevolent institutions, but it was now determined to apply these sums to a fund for the erection of a substantial building, in which still further accommodations could be extended the members. The result of this resolution was the fine building on Broad Street, near Wall, still occupied by the Board, which was secured in 1865. In May, 1869, a consolidation was effected with the Open and Government Boards, and other improvements, rendered necessary by this action, were proposed. Contracts having been made, the work was commenced in May last, and finished for occupation, as before stated, September 16th.

The increase of membership and scope of work demanded a second revision of the constitution. When completed, it was presented to the members in the form of an elegant parchment book, suitably embellished. This contains the signatures of over one thousand members, with the dates of initiation. Two of the most prominent autographs are those of A. N. Gifford, November 13th, 1817, and John Warren, February 21st, 1820.

The main hall, of which we give an accurate illustration, is fifty-four feet wide, seventy-four feet long, and fifty-two feet four inches high. A handsome room, for the officers of the Board, stands at the northern end, made of black walnut and maple, highly polished. At the southern end is a light gallery, capable of holding over two hundred persons, for the use of visitors. The ceiling is supported by Corinthian columns, capped with gilded cornices and architrave, forming the bases of several groined arches. At the intersection of these lines are shields, containing illuminated letters, spelling "N. Y. Stock Exchange." The ceiling is elaborately embellished with foliated designs, and is one of the handsomest specimens of fresco-work to be found in the country.

Every floor of the building bears evidence of liberal improvement, especially the second, on which is located the Government Department.

This room is also frescoed with fine artistic skill, and is furnished in green rep. The basement is an immense vault, containing three tiers of safes, 618 in number, and is guarded by four policemen detailed for the purpose.

The Stock Exchange holds two daily sessions—the first at a quarter past ten o'clock in the morning, and the second at one o'clock, afternoon. It publishes its diurnal bulletin of sales, which is issued immediately after the close of the second session. The transactions thus reported, which also appear in the newspapers, represent a part only of the daily purchases and sales of stock by the brokers, as a large amount of business is transacted by the brokers outside of the Exchange. But the amounts, as reported, are enormous, and probably the sum total of each day's transactions by the Wall Street brokers exceeds the amount of similar transactions in either London or Paris. During the sessions, the rostrum is occupied by the chairman, Mr. Moses A. Wheelock, who has filled this position for twenty years; Mr. John W. Munro, the veteran recorder of sales; Mr. Tracy, the keeper of quotations for printing; the secretary, the roll-keeper, and telegraph operator.

At the appointed hours, the chairman calls a regular list of securities, and is expected to settle disputes arising from simultaneous offers, and to preserve order, by a system of fines ranging from twenty-five cents to ten dollars.

From his decision, in all cases, there can be no appeal. As the calls are made, a great confusion of tongues ensues. Every one seems determined to shout his neighbor deaf. Hats are waved frantically to catch attention, and a multitude of arms, raised aloft, beat a measure unknown to other circles. The regular customers, during this excitement, call their brokers, through the agency of an army of pages, and give orders for the purchase or sale of stock.

The government of the Exchange is vested in the President, Treasurer, and Secretary of the Board, and a Committee, consisting of forty of the prominent operators. The President, Mr. William B. Clerke, son of Judge Clerke, is a gentleman still in the prime of life, and has been an active member for the past twenty-one years. He is thoroughly conversant with the minutiae of the business, and administers the

duties of his office with firmness and discretion. Mr. J. L. Brownell, the Vice-President, was formerly President of the late Open Board, and is, naturally, an enterprising business man. Mr. D. C. Hays, the Treasurer, comes from a family experienced in financial matters. Mr. B. O. White, the Secretary, was for several years the second Vice-President of the Board. Mr. George H. Brodhead, the former Secretary, served the Board faithfully for nearly twenty years, and still remains one of its most active members.

There is a Society connected with the institution, composed entirely of members, organized for the purpose of extending to unfortunate companions substantial aid while suffering from loss of money and of health.

Thus it will be seen that the Stock Exchange of New York is a most important business institution. Its sessions are continuous, unlike those of Congress and the legislative bodies, and in its operations it controls the great monetary interests of the nation.

NEWS BREVITIES.

JUAREZ's election in Mexico is assured.

It is not true that an amnesty is to be granted to the Communists.

PARIS has voted two millions of francs to repair the monuments and public buildings.

SAGASTA will probably be the next President of the Spanish Cortes.

THE Scientific Department of the Cooper Union reopened with 519 students.

THE Grand Vizier, who lately died, is said to have been the most learned man in Turkey.

THE "Battle of Berlin" is the latest English offset to the "Battle of Dorking."

A STATEMENT was made at a recent vestry meeting of the parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, that there are in London 700,000 cats.

FURTHER reinforcements for Cuba have sailed from Spain. The rebellion, it will be remembered, was long ago suppressed!

THE Japanese Government has introduced the gallows as the last drop needed to fill up its cup of civilization.

A STATISTICAL department is to be added to the government at Calcutta, to obtain an accurate record of the resources of India.

THE Baltimore Commercial Convention meant no joke when it declared the income-tax to be income-odious.

AN insurrection at Goa, a Portuguese settlement on the west coast of India, has been suppressed by the military force stationed there.

FIVE men have been killed by a coal-mine explosion in Scotland. The crew of the *Megara* have arrived in Australia.

THE extensive cultivation of the castor-bean in Kansas has caused that Commonwealth to be called "The proud cathartic State."

BANGOR has appropriated \$3,000 for the reception of President Grant, on the occasion of the opening of the European and North American Railway.

CAPTAIN DE GROOT's statue of Franklin, to be erected in Printing House Square, will be twelve feet in height, and the pedestal of the same thirteen feet high.

THE Kuklux trials in Raleigh, N. C., have revealed that the Order is known among its members as "The Invisible Empire." The witnesses assert that there is nothing in the oath referring to politics.

THE indictment against the *Tribune* correspondents who refused to testify as to where they obtained their copy of the Washington Treaty, was quashed in the Criminal Court of Washington a few days since.

A CITIZEN of Montreal has been sentenced to pay \$6 and costs, or go to jail for thirty days, for refusing to tell the census enumerator the ages of his unmarried daughters. The girls advised the old gentleman to go to jail.

INSTEAD of the Newcastle strike having been happily ended, as it was hoped it would be ere this, the Nine Hours' League Committee are organizing for an extension of the strike throughout the North of England.

It having been stated that a new paper is about to be started in Germany devoted to the interests of milk and whey, it is suggested that the journal should be called *The Dipper*, in consequence of the relation it will bear to the Milky Way.

IN spite of the proud privilege of being a subject of Britannia, the Canadians are coming to this country in large numbers. Last year 26,766 emigrated to the States from Canada alone, while the other British provinces supplied nearly 20,000 more emigrants.

THE taking photographs of the features of criminals in jails and penitentiaries, which, for many years, has been one of the most effective agencies in the detection of crime in America, has, strange to say, just been adopted by Great Britain, by an act of Parliament, which will go into effect in November next.

THE Continental Bank Note Company, of New York, has now completed the engraving of the plates for two denominations of national currency for the Japanese Government. The bills are denominated respectively "One yen" and "Five yans." A "yan" corresponds with a dollar in United States money.

HEALTH OFFICER COCHRANE placed a yellow flag on some houses at the corner of Pearl and Plymouth Streets, Brooklyn, a few days ago, to indicate that the place was infected with smallpox. The inhabitants, mostly Irish, took offense at this, and declared that no orange flag should wave there. At one time it was feared there would be a riot, but the doctor removed the flag and the patients, and quiet was restored.

THE Importers' and Grocers' Board of Trade in this city have resolved to employ a recognized legal counsel; to open communication with similar organizations in the principal cities of the United States and elsewhere; to appoint suitable persons at various points, such as London, Liverpool, Rio de Janeiro, Havana, Shanghai and Yokohama, to act as special correspondents of the Board, and to fix the hour for meeting on 'Change at from half-past twelve to half-past one P. M.

JULIUS HOFFMANN has submitted to the directors of the German Immigration Society a report containing the following statistics: Number of German emigrants who have arrived at this port during the past month, 2,829; increase over corresponding month last year, 7,512; number of German emigrants who have landed since January 1st, 60,042; increase over corresponding period last year, 232; amount expended by the Relief committee last month, \$110; balance in treasury, \$4,316.20; assets of the Society, \$35,000.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE PRINCIPAL HALL OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE



STOCK EXCHANGE, AS RECENTLY REMODELED AND RENOVATED.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

ONLY A DREAM.

ONLY a Summer dream,
Sport of an idle day,
A meadow range, a word beside the stream,
A parting and—away.

Only a dream of Love,
Of heart inclined to heart—
As clouds that in the blue of heaven meet,
As white clouds cling and part.

We dreamed, and we awoke;
No more! But ah, for dreams
Engender'd of the subtle light of Love,
Bright with its iris gleams!

Again the meadow flowers,
The waters rippling speed,
The willows wave as in the dream; but I,
Why should I, waking, heed?

Shadows of leaf and bird
Fall on the sunny grass,
But over it the shadow that I love
Never again shall pass.

The Summer voices blend
In music as of yore,
But from the melody has dropped a note:
There will be song no more.

The glory and the wealth
Of Nature all things share,
But in my heart is no responsive throb
That tells me it is fair.

Back on the sunny dream
I turn an aching gaze,
But the clear splendor of its glory throws
A shadow on my days.

A FORTUNE IN A TEACUP.

"You don't look happy, Beatrice."

"Well?"

"Not a very encouraging inflection on the word, my dear. Does it invite sympathy or inquiry?"

"Neither."

"I believe you are out of sorts."

"Have you any objection?"

Her handsome, good-natured brother laughed outright.

"Very serious objection, Beatrice, if it makes you cross with me. Now, tell me all about it."

"I've nothing to tell."

Harry Longworth gave her a quick look, mistrusting at once the cause of her unamiable mood. He was a fine young fellow of two-and-twenty, with a bright, cheerful face that won everybody's confidence, and the frankest, sunniest temper in the world—everybody's friend and a most devoted brother.

Beatrice, two years younger, had been slyly called "Iceberg" by her school friends, who had found considerable difficulty in thawing the reserve of a cold and apparently unsympathetic nature. She was admired where she was scarcely liked, for her literary ability and fine conversational powers, which she sometimes chose to exhibit, gave her a claim to be considered "brilliant" in the circle where she moved. To her could justly be applied Tennyson's description of Maud—"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

She stood, in her elegant walking-dress, leaning against one of the veranda-pillars, and listlessly swinging a croquet-mallet to and fro. The sound of merry laughter from a distance seemed to annoy her, and she shrugged her shoulders impatiently under her brother's touch.

"Beatrice, you have quarreled with Doctor King?"

She looked up with a defiant expression.

"That is my affair, Harry."

Inside the parlor, the window of which stood open, a woman sat reading. She closed her book at the sound of voices, and sat erect, quiet, listening.

"You are making a mistake, then, in your own affairs. This is the second time, you know, and Doctor King is not the man to endure trifling. For heaven's sake, don't let your abominable pride stand in the way to your happiness; though I believe you would sooner die by inches than yield, Beatrice."

"I yield only when I am in the wrong, Harry. But what made you suppose there was trouble between us? I said nothing."

"Probably you can recall the old adage of actions speaking louder than words, and then you know how easily your gifted brother puts this and that together. I was in John King's room only half an hour ago; found him packing his valise, humming a little tune to himself, by-the-way, and not apparently suffering from heart-disease. He told me he was suddenly called to New York—could not tell when he would return. But, now I find you in such a melancholy frame of mind, I am convinced that he was sent, not called, away, and that you are responsible. Have you been gnawing at the old bone of contention?"

"If you mean Mr. Warren, yes. I accepted an invitation to ride with him to-morrow. Doctor King objected unreasonably. I am my own mistress yet, I believe."

Harry Longworth gave a comical groan, which ended in a long sigh.

"Don't be foolish and obstinate, Beatrice! I declare, the perversity of women is one of the most unaccountable things in this universe. I don't like Warren a bit, with all his polished manners, and you may be sure Doctor King has good reason for his antipathy. You know you love John as well—almost as well as you do your precious brother! Now confess you do!"

The proud, willful woman made no reply. The figure in the parlor stirred quietly, changed its position so as to get a glimpse of Beatrice Longworth's impenetrable face, and looked at her eagerly, a little sneer growing on the lips.

Both brother and sister were equally unconscious of her gaze. Harry pleaded long and eloquently with his sister, apparently to no purpose, for, waiting till he concluded, she said, quietly:

"If you have finished, I think I will go to my room and dress for evening. It is nearly time for the tea-bell."

She walked into the house with her stately tread, leaving poor perplexed Harry to reflect that, although blessed might be peace-makers, it was doubtful whether those who failed in their worthy efforts in that direction were equally fortunate.

Sibyl Guerrin remained in the parlor for a little while, apparently well pleased with her own musings. She rose at last, and with a gliding sort of motion, in some way suggestive of a feline propensity, went to her own room, where she gazed at her reflection in the little looking-glass on the wall, and soliloquized:

"It is worth one more trial at least, if you can play your cards well, Sibyl Guerrin! You are thirty-four, and fast losing your wonderful complexion; but all your beauty is not gone yet!"

She looked complacently at the black eyes, which flashed back a triumphant gleam, and let her heavy hair fall all about her shoulders, passing her hands admiringly through it, and pressing it caressingly against the rich bloom of cheeks which did not depend for their crimson tints on any artificial aid. Sibyl Guerrin's gipsy blood asserted itself in strong coloring, and with her great, glittering eyes, gave her a strange, uncanny style of beauty—fascinating to men and detestable to women.

Blanche Longworth particularly disliked her. The two women met on a common battlefield, giving no quarter and looking for none. Sibyl Guerrin had become infatuated with Doctor King during the first week of their sojourn in the old country-house, and, reckless of the supposed engagement between him and Beatrice, used every lure to draw him to her side. That she had a certain influence upon him was undeniable, and Beatrice looked on with slow anger in her heart, the little flirtations with the objectionable Mr. Warren being possibly the result of pique.

The tea-bell was rung precisely at six o'clock, and the boarders coming from the woods, the lake and croquet-ground, manifested a reasonable appetite for the good things provided. Beatrice was in her accustomed place, looking colder than ever, in a plain white dress, fastened at the throat with a heavy gold pin. Miss Guerrin was late, bringing with her the odor of tube-roses, nestling among the rich old lace which ornamented her dress—a delicate robe of sheeny, orange-colored material, especially becoming to her Spanish face and hair.

Perhaps she made a little more bustle than was necessary on taking her seat. "Excuse me, Auntie Moore, for my tardiness. I am sure I don't know how I happened to sleep away all this delicious afternoon. Thank you, Doctor King," she added, with a particularly thrilling glance at the gentleman named; "don't move, please; I am so sorry to disturb you."

Why she should make a statement so wide of the truth in regard to her afternoon occupation, or rouse the doctor from a brown-study by thanking him so cordially for assistance he had not made the slightest attempt to offer, was best known to herself.

The dozen city boarders who were associated in one family for the Summer, found plenty to talk about, and had merry times at the table, presided over by a motherly, genial old lady, who had her eyes and hands constantly employed, though she enjoyed as heartily as any one the fun going on about her.

A light-haired young man at the foot of the table, one of Miss Guerrin's admirers, said, timidly, in a momentary pause: "Is the Sibyl in a prophetic mood?"

The lady referred to smiled graciously, and inclined her head.

"Never more so, Mr. Telfair; and happy that such is the case, if there is anything of interest in your cup to-night."

He passed it to her, and they all listened to the playful, graceful prophecies which she uttered for his benefit, saying at the close: "I believe I have the second-sight just now. Pray allow me to test its accuracy and establish a stronger claim to my name."

She pressed her hands upon her eyes, and a large ruby ring which she wore looked more like a great drop of blood than ever to the nervous little sister of Mr. Telfair, who shuddered and whispered to her right-hand neighbor that she was dreadfully afraid of that woman, and wondered how Jack could like her so much. One teacup after another was handed to her, laughingly, and much amusement created by her comments upon each.

Harry Longworth requested the doctor to try and learn his fate at the hands of the fair sorceress.

"Nothing very startling to be told of me, Harry. Destiny in tea-grounds! What are we coming to in this nineteenth century?"

He leaned back in his chair with a good-natured smile as he granted the request. A tall, well-formed man with a fine face, a little too grave, perhaps, at times, with the imprint of manifold cares which had come upon him early in life, and from which he could seldom escape, he was a man to command universal respect and regard.

Sibyl Guerrin took the cup from Harry Longworth's hand.

"A fair future, if not a startling one, I hope. Oh—"

The exclamation was sharp and sudden. She set the cup down hurriedly and shivered, dropping her face in her hands. When she lifted it, the uncanny look was stronger than ever, and the rich color of her cheeks had somehow faded a little. Every eye was upon her, and Jack Telfair's sister gave a little hysterical laugh.

"Pray excuse me, I—I—" She hesitated, and faltered: "Doctor King, do not urge me to—"

Again she paused, and half rose from her seat, sinking back as if overcome with the effort.

"Can it be possible, Miss Guerrin, that you

have seen such horrible visions in that crockery cavern as to make you faint? If so, we must surely know what they are!"

She shook her head violently.

"Please don't ask me!" she murmured in a distressed tone, and with a face to correspond.

If she had deliberately attempted to excite the curiosity of the company, she had fully succeeded, and with one accord they urged her to gratify it.

With a very reluctant air, she again took up the teacup, and said, in a slow, solemn tone:

"Doctor King leaves us within twelve hours. He has a journey before him. There is an accident—a bridge carried away—he does not come back to us! Don't ask for more."

The doctor received all the attention at once. "Is it true, King, that you have any idea of running away before we break up for the season? That's not fair, if it is a fact."

"I did intend to go to New York to-morrow, and had not decided when I should return. So far, you may be convinced that our Sibyl is reliable," with a searching look at Miss Guerrin, which might be interpreted to mean, "How in the world did you know anything about it?"

The lady sat with her head resting on her hand, in a drooping attitude, as if her efforts in reading the future had produced a very depressing effect. She had looked up but once, glancing slyly across the table at Miss Longworth, who sat quiet and slightly contemptuous.

"All news travels fast, King," remarked Harry Longworth. "I did not suppose you had mentioned your trip to anybody but me."

Miss Guerrin's attention was roused. The black eyes were very black, indeed, as she said:

"Your words, Mr. Longworth, seem to imply my former knowledge of the fact."

"Pardon me, Miss Guerrin, I had no intention of doubting your prophetic powers. Please don't be offended. You see, I am rather new to this sort of business. I—oh, of course, you didn't—he didn't—I mean, we didn't—Well, I declare," with a long breath, "I give it up!"

Doctor King came to his help.

"I have not seen Miss Guerrin since the morning mail came in. She knew nothing of my change of plans from me."

Harry Longworth found it hard work to keep from laughing outright at the way in which the innocent mail was made responsible for the caprice of a female who sat as unmoved as if it was of no consequence to her if every man at the table died within twenty-four hours.

"You won't go now, of course, Doctor King," twittered a voice near him. Little Mary Shannon's faith in Sibyl Guerrin had been unbounded since the discovery of a certain somebody's initials in her teacup.

Perhaps the man's resolution did falter for a moment, and his eyes sought Beatrice Longworth's with a troubled, questioning gaze. Possibly she might have seen the look, if her attention had not been wholly absorbed in the folding of her napkin.

"Business men can seldom have their choice in such matters," was his answer. "I must go to-morrow, and trust to the Fates to take care of me."

He rose from the table as he spoke, holding the door open for the ladies to pass out. Miss Guerrin happened to be the last. She touched his arm lightly.

"Don't go."

It was her last chance, and she threw considerable effect into the two little words. Useless, however.

"Unfortunately I must," he replied.

The tube-roses were thrown aside that night with a cruel gesture.

"I hate her—I hate her!" she muttered, with the black look in her eyes again, "and I would rather see him dead than married to her."

For once she had overestimated her power. Doctor King was on his way to New York before breakfast-time the next day.

It was early twilight. Beatrice Longworth, calm and majestic as ever, was pacing musically backward and forward in the garden. It was impossible to read her thoughts. It was doubtful whether the most intense emotions could be reflected in that placid countenance, even if they disturbed the heart in her breast. She held a book in one hand, her fingers between the leaves, and might have been conning a lesson like the most faithful schoolgirl.

Her brother Harry came running down the walk, grasping a yellow envelope in his hand, on which she read the words, "Western Union Telegraph Company," while he stood before her out of breath. Possibly she grew a little paler.

"Oh, Beatrice!" he half-whispered, crushing the envelope in his hand as though he had accidentally exposed it, "don't make it any harder for me to tell you—"

"Tell me at once," she interrupted, with an imperative gesture.

"The train was thrown from the track!" his voice growing husky; "most of the passengers escaped unhurt; but Doctor King lost his!"

The word died on his lips, for his stately sister, with a choking sort of cry, fell at his feet unconscious.

The exclamation which broke from him was in startling contrast to his previous tone of distress. "By Jove!" he cried, fiercely. "Beatrice! Mercy on me, what's to be done?"

A man with a fainting woman on his hands is generally as forlorn a spectacle as can be seen. Harry Longworth was no exception to the rule, and gazed imploringly in every direction, while at the same time, by some strange contradiction, a broad smile was striving for possession of the perplexed face.

He raised her in his arms and started for the house, but before he had gone a dozen steps she opened her eyes and struggled to be released. He put her down gently, holding her with one arm about the waist.

"Upon my word, Beatrice, it was too bad to tell you, but how was a fellow to know whether you loved him or not? I mean King, of course."

He hurried on, seeing the white face quiver.

"He is all right, bless you! I was going to tell you so, and that he lost his light overcoat."

Beatrice must have loved her brother, or she could never have forgiven his practical joke. It was a little hard upon her, but perhaps the end justified the means.

"You see how it was," he explained. "King was awfully cut up by your treatment, and I was just crazy to find out whether you cared for him or not. He is a great deal too good to be abused. He knew we would hear of the accident, and naturally supposed his friends would be alarmed. It was a light affair, however. Nobody was hurt, though a baggage-car was smashed up; and I thought I would break it to you gently, and all that sort of thing."

Two hours later Doctor King received a characteristic telegram from the youth of an inquiring mind, reading it with a light in his eyes and a warm flush creeping over his face. He was on board the night-train for the north, and astonished everybody by walking into the dining-room at breakfast.

Miss Shannon's faith in Sibyl Guerrin's predictions was a little shaken. Miss Longworth's satisfaction was almost visible in her face, but lest the prophetic should be wholly discredited, the more generous ones expatiated largely on singular coincidences connected with fortunes, both in and out of teacups.

THE PHANTOM HOUND.

SOME years ago, during a temporary residence in St. Petersburg, I became acquainted with a little man who rejoiced in the big name of Porfirii Kapitonovitch. He had served, for a short time, in a Russian hussar regiment, and was now an Inspector of certain Government stores or warehouses, which position, however, did not exact any transcendent abilities, inasmuch as the warehouses aforesaid only existed on paper—an admirable system of administrative economy, as, at least, the expense of building the warehouses was spared; and the little man with the big name took his ease with the traditional dignity.

We were talking, one evening at the *café*, on ghosts, spirits and kindred subjects, and I plainly expressed my unbelief in such matters.

"Something once happened to me," said Porfirii Kapitonovitch, "in complete discord with the laws of nature! In complete discord with the laws of nature!" he repeated, smacking his lips, as if he relished the phrase.

"Indeed?" I cried. "What was this wonderful affair?"

"I will tell you," said he; and forthwith commenced the following little history:

I own, as you probably know, or, rather, as you probably don't know, a small property in the district of Kozelsk. At first, I made a little out of it, but latterly it has brought me nothing but quarrels and lawsuits. However, we won't talk politics.

One night, about eight years ago, I had been spending the evening with a neighbor, and returned to my bachelor home—quite sober, understand—about eleven o'clock.

I undress; I get into bed; I blow out my light, and, in ten minutes after, something begins to move, under the bed.

"What's that?" says I to myself. "A mouse?"

No! No mouse could make that noise. Well, it scratched, and moved about, and scraped the floor with its hind legs, and shook its ears; and in short, and in fact, it was a dog! There was no doubt about that.

But where did it come from? I had no dog. I called my servant.

"Filka! Filka!"

In came Filka, with a light.

"There's a dog under the bed, Filka," said I.

"Turn him out!"

Filka, with the candle, fell on his hands and knees, and explored the dark depths under the bed.

"Well!" said I to Filka.

"Well!" said he, "there's nothing there. Not the shadow of a dog."

"Then, he must have run out when you opened the door."

And for that night the affair was over.

But the next night, just imagine, hardly had I blown out the candle, when flap went the villain's ears!

"Filka!" I roared.

In he runs, down he goes, and nothing he finds again.

I go to bed once more, blow out the candle, and in an instant I hear him breathing, scraping, snapping and biting at himself for phantom fleas, just as if he were a real canine.

"Filka!" I cried, "come again, but don't bring a light."

He comes!

"Well!" I said, "do you hear?"

"I do!" says he; and I could tell by his voice that he was afraid. "Tis a piece of sorcery!" he went on—"a devilry!"

"Go to the deuce!" said I, stoutly; but I remarked that my voice was as whispery as his.

I light my candle. No more dog! No more row! No more anything! but Filka and myself, as white as the sheets. A happy thought struck me. An inspiration of common sense! I left my candle burning, and for the rest of the night all was peace.

Well, my friend (continued Porfirii Kapitonovitch), this little diversion lasted for six weeks! and at last I became so accustomed to it, that I blew out my candle notwithstanding—for I cannot sleep if there is a light in my bedroom.

One evening, a friend of mine, Vassili Vassilvitch paid me a visit, and I invited him to stay all night, for I wished to see if a stranger could break the spell. A bed was prepared for him in my room, and the moment the light was out, the farce commenced.

Scrape, scrape, scrape! and scratch, scratch, scratch! and better still, my phantom hound marches up and down the room, tearing at the floor with his claws, the while; and finally

overturns a chair close to the bedside of my friend.

"Ah!" said he—and, take notice, in his ordinary voice, quite naturally—ah! you have a dog, there! What breed is he?"

"Breed!" I muttered to myself. And then I lit my candle, and told him the whole story; and said I, "I don't think either Socrates or Frederick the Great himself could clear it up!"

I never saw a man in such a hurry in my life as was Vassili Vassilivitch, when I explained matters. He sprang from the bed like a scalded cat!

"Porfirii Kapitovitch!" he cried, "I do not wait here another minute! Thou art a man accursed! My horses! My horses!" And without waiting to get into his boots, he fled from the room!

He came to see me the next day, and counseled me to leave the place for a time, to try if that would destroy the charm. Very sensible advice, you will say, but then my neighbor Vassili was a very remarkable man—a man of an altogether superior mind. His own mother-in-law, among others, he perplexed and overcame in a most triumphant manner; and she became like a sheep in his hands! Imagine what a man he must have been, thus to subdue and circumvent a mother-in-law!

Brief, I went to the city, and took up my lodgings with an old inn-keeper I knew, named Roskolnik—a little grumbling old man, who held tobacco and dogs in horror! I believe would not on any consideration have allowed one of the latter in the house.

"Is it likely?" he would say. "Here is the good Virgin who honors me by hanging in my apartment, and shall an impious dog dare to intrude his unholy muzzle therein?"

As a favor, the old man allowed me to share his room, having another bed placed there purposely for me. This arrangement suited me very well, as it provided me with a reliable witness for my canine encounter.

At bedtime, my ancient mumbled his prayers before the aforesaid picture of the Virgin; then tumbled into bed, where he soon initiated an artistically graduated nose solo, beginning with a plaintive nasal wailing, and finally merging into a regular rolling fire of full-bodied snores.

Sleep through that, eh? And then the lamp burning before the picture disturbed me. This latter difficulty I disposed of at one breath, and crept quietly back to bed.

Would you believe it? I was hardly prone again, before the infernal scratchings recommenced—the ear-flappings, the rustlings and writhings and all, just as usual, to such an extent that the old man woke up, and sprang from his bed, crying, "A dog! a dog!—an accursed dog!" and rushing to the picture of the Virgin, he relit the lamp, made the sign of the cross three times. And then I told him the meaning of it all.

"Well, Fedoul Ivanovitch, what do you think of it?"

"This is a temptation of the devil!" he cried. "To-morrow I'll give you a letter to a sainted man at Belev. Now I must burn incense;" and this he did to a suffocating degree. "Now try and sleep," said he, "and in the morning we will take counsel together. To-morrow is wiser than to-day."

And with that we went to sleep—undogged sleep. In the morning he wrote me a letter, in these words:

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen! To Serge Prokhorovitch Pervouchine. Believe and help the bearer. Send me some more cabbages, and praised be the name of the Lord!"

"FEDOUL IVANOVITCH."

I went to Belev, and found the holy Serge digging cabbages in a small field, in the midst of which stood a rude hut.

He was an old, old man, poorly dressed, with a beard like a goat's, no teeth, and the most piercing eyes I have ever seen.

I told him my difficulty, and for some time he seemed to be communing with invisible spirits; and his visage and demeanor changed to such an extent, that he appeared like one possessed.

I must confess that it produced in me a feeling very much akin to fear. At last, returning to himself, he said, transfixing me with his keen and penetrating gaze:

"You can be assisted! This visitation is not intended as a punishment, but as a warning. There is inquietude in the spirit-world on your account, and there are those who pray anxiously for you. Go to the church, prostrate yourself before the images of the pure and helpful bishops, Saint Zozime, and Saint Savvat of Solovetz! Pray to them; then go to the market and buy a young dog; keep it with you night and day! Your visitations will cease, and, in addition, the dog will be useful to you!"

I thanked the old man profoundly, and offered him three roubles.

"Give them to the Church, or to the poor. Such services as mine cannot be paid!" he said, quietly.

I followed his advice, called my dog "Treasure," and the next night slept at home again, with my four-footed companion established by my bedside.

I boldly blew out my light and listened. Not a sound!

"Come on, friend phantom!" I exclaimed—"come on!"

Not a scratch, a scrape, or a flap!

"Filka!" I cry. In he comes. "Filka! do you hear him?"

"No, master," said he, "I hear nothing!"

"Good!" said I. "There's a half-rouble for you."

"Permit me to kiss your hand!" says he, and he was as well pleased as I was myself.

And I never heard the phantom-hound again! (cried Porfirii); not that the story's finished—the end is yet to come!

Treasure grew and grew, and became a large and very powerful dog. He was much attached to me, and never left my side.

One very hot Summer's day, I went to visit a fair neighbor who lived about a verst from my house, and my Treasure, of course, went with me.

Ninfodora Séménovna was a young and fresh widow, with whom my bachelorhood had a very narrow escape! (and here Porfirii Kapitovitch heaved a deep sigh, whether of satisfaction or regret I could not at the moment discover). Just as I reached the door (he resumed), I heard shouts and cries so alarming, that I turned hastily round, and found myself almost face to face with an enormous red-colored brute, I thought at first was a wolf, but that I soon discovered, to my horror, was a mad dog! His jaws were open, his eyes bloodshot, his white, glistening tusks and red tongue half-covered with foam!—never was I tried with such a fearful *vis-à-vis* in my life!

I had scarcely time to utter one exclamation of horror when the monster was close upon me, and I thought my end was come. Crack! flash! and Treasure flew at his throat like a streak of lightning, and clung to it like a leech, while I opened the door, rushed through, and rapidly closed it again, planting against it the strongest back I could assume.

The battle raged! I called, "Help! Mad dog! Help!" Ninfodora Séménovna and all her household, with its back hair down, ran hither and thither in the wildest confusion; but in a few moments I saw, through the keyhole, the mad dog dart off through the village, and Treasure after him. I looked in the mirror, and saw that I was green as grass with the fright; while Ninfodora, also with the fright, was sobbing and clucking on the sofa like a distressed hen!

"Are you alive?" at last she faintly asked.

"Yes! thanks to my dog."

"Ah! what a noble dog!" she cries; "has the mad brute killed him?"

"No!" said I, just catching a glance of Treasure through the window, returning to the house, limping and bleeding; "but I see he is badly wounded!"

"Wounded!" she shrieked; "bitten by the mad dog! Then he must be shot!"

"Not at all!" I said; "I shall try and cure him!"

Just then poor Treasure scratched at the door for admission, and I immediately went to open it.

"Ah, ah! what would you do?" shrieked Ninfodora.

"Let him in."

"Never! never! he would bite us, and we should all go mad, mad, mad!"

"Nonsense, Ninfodora," I argued; "nonsense. I am surprised at you! Calm yourself!"

Far from calming herself, however, she gathered fresh force and new terrors, and cried:

"Begone! go! leave my house; you and your infamous dog, too! You are mad as he is. Go, both of you, and never look me in the face again!"

"I'm going," I said, nettled enough, as you may imagine.

"Don't lose any time, then, for I'm all in a tremor till you are both gone!"

You may suppose that from that day forth all intimacy was at an end between Ninfodora Séménovna and Porfirii Kapitovitch; and after mature reflection, I have come to the conclusion that I ought to be grateful to my attached friend, Treasure, till the day of my death!

I have not much to add. Treasure happily recovered from his wounds, and did not go mad; and the phantom hound he chased away from under my bed never returned to plague me. So now, Mr. Disbeliever in ghosts, explain all that if you can, concluded Porfirii Kapitovitch, triumphantly.

I could not, dear reader! Can you?

THE GIANT CHEESE.

THE engraving represents a remarkable feature in the dairy business—a mammoth cheese, the product of Erie County, in this State, now on view at the Industrial Exhibition at Buffalo. The production of cheese is one of the principal employments of the farmers of Erie County, there being in that district fifty-four factories using the milk of over twenty thousand cows, producing seven millions of pounds of cheese annually, valued at one million of dollars. The cheese in question, "The Springville Giant," as it has been appropriately christened, is one of the largest, if not the largest cheese ever made; it weighs, by careful estimation, 2,975 pounds. Thirty thousand pounds of milk were used in its manufacture—the production, for one day, of twenty-two hundred fine cows. It stands thirty-four inches high, is four and a half feet in diameter, and has a circumference of fifteen feet. Twenty-four hands were employed in its manufacture. The hoop into which the curd was placed for pressing was manufactured, as was the press, at Shuttleworth's Iron and Wood Works, and looked far more like an oil tank or a sap reservoir than anything else. The staves were of pine, two inches in thickness and forty-two inches tall. Four heavy iron bands encircled and held it firmly together.

It was planned and is owned by Mr. George W. Hayward, a leading cheese-dealer of Buffalo, and was manufactured at the factory of Mr. S. R. Smith, of Springville—the dairymen of that region having adopted a custom, now quite prevalent throughout the country, of sending their milk to factories, and taking it away in the form of cheese, paying to the factors a certain percentage for their labor. In order to dispose of this cheese at the Exhibition, the popular charitable method, partaking somewhat of the lottery principle, has been invoked. An order for a diamond ring, valued at \$250, has been mixed in the curds during the process of manufacture, and packages, containing each five pounds of cheese are sold at two dollars each, giving to each purchaser the

chance of drawing the ring. The net proceeds of sale are to be applied to the benefit of the Buffalo General Hospital.

SCENES IN THE SOUTH.

WHEN a thorough-bred negro of the South sets about it seriously, he will succeed in frightening any living thing. He is not daunted by the number of foes to be vanquished, and if he be allowed his own method, will rid a district of pests in the most satisfactory manner. We see one of these remedial agents sent to the fields to conquer the hordes of hungry crows that prey upon the young grain. To him the order is imperative, and if the dusky thieves do not withdraw upon his shrill suggestion, as long as he has a stitch of clothing to his back he will flaunt and flutter until he has scattered the enemy and trampled down an acre of choice wheat. A bull in a china-shop is about as reliable as a lively negro in a flock of crows; he shouts and whistles, and perhaps thinking to entice his adversaries to a closer companionship for a grand swoop, dances; but, if they still continue to seek the dainty bits, he calls his coat-skirt into service, and with corners in hand, sways his arms up and down with the zest of pumping water, until the intruders take compassion on his agony, and leave, to worry other scouts.

It may be that, having been swindled by harmless effigies mounted on broom-handles or fence-rails, and capped with worn-out saucepans, they regard their new occupant in a similar light; but, woe betide the dozen or more that get between his ample foot and the ground. Whether he always succeeds in frightening away the crows, we cannot say; but we doubt if any number of human beings would wish to remain long in a field in which he is set on watch.

THE RIGHT REVEREND F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

DR. HUNTINGTON, who, on the creation of the new Episcopal Bishopric of Central New York, was elevated to the chair of the diocese, was born in Hadley, Mass., May 28th, 1818, and graduated at Amherst College when twenty years of age. Shortly after leaving college, he entered upon the study of theology at Cambridge. In 1842 he became pastor of the South Unitarian Church, in Boston, which position he held till September, 1855, to become the "Plummer" Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College, and preacher to the University.

Dr. Huntington had been for some time inclined to doubts as to the position he ought to assume with reference to the doctrine of the Trinity, and the result of months of thought and inquiry was his abandonment of the belief in which he had been educated in the Theological School of Harvard College. He was, for a period, undecided as to where he should cast his lot, and preached in Congregational and other Evangelical churches, and finally connected himself with the Episcopal Church.

The position Dr. Huntington had held in the Unitarian Church and in Harvard College, his broad reputation as a man and a preacher, and the high estimation in which he was universally held, rendered the formation of a strong society a comparatively easy task. The new society was organized in 1860, and for a time worshiped in Mechanics' Hall, while a handsome edifice—the Church of the Emanuel—was being erected on the Back Bay. Dr. Huntington was admitted to deacon's orders September 12th, 1860, under the approval of the Right Reverend Manton Eastburn, D.D., Bishop of Massachusetts, and on the following Sunday he commenced his ministrations in connection with his new society. Six months afterward, on the 19th of March, 1861, he was ordained a priest, and formally constituted the rector of the parish. In this office he remained, presiding over the destinies of one of the most fashionable and influential societies of Boston until the 8th day of April, 1869, when he was ordained as Bishop of the Diocese of Central New York, the imposing ceremony taking place in his own church, and being attended by one hundred and seventy Episcopal clergymen in their full robes, and by a crowded audience. Dr. Huntington soon after transferred his household to his new diocese, and settled at Syracuse.

OLD HEROES AND MODERN WARFARE.—Alphonse Karr contributes the following to the *Univers Illustré*. It is supposed to be a dialogue between a group of heroes—dwellers in Pluto's dark domain—who have just heard a recital of the late war from a defunct soldier of Gambetta: *Leonidas*—"Why, with those new arms the Persians would not have taken five minutes to get rid of me and my three hundred heroes!" *Hercules*—"I should like to know what good my strength would be in dealing with people who would never come within a thousand yards of my club?" *Samson*—"And what a pretty figure I should cut with my donkey's jawbone!" *Lord Charles Hay*—"When at Fontenoy, I took off my hat, and said, 'Fire, gentlemen of the French Guard!' *Count d'Hauteroche*—"And then I answered, returning your salutation, 'Fire, gentlemen of the English Army—we never fire the first!' *Lord Charles Hay*—"There's an end to all such chivalrous usages. They fire now at such a distance as to render the voices of the combatants inaudible to each other. Why, with the new system of artillery, we cannot discern with the eye the uniforms of the troops whose guns declimate us!" *Condé*—"I don't see how it would be possible to throw my truncheon into the ditch and charge for it!" *Horatius Coclès*—"Alas! the heroic time is past when a single man could defend a bridge against four men. The Curatii would have made short work of me if armed with Chassepôts!" *Roland of*

Roncevaux—"And how could I, with my Durandel shield, keep off a hailstorm of those conic balls with which the degenerate soldiers of modern times gain victories?" *Cambrianne*—"Yes; and my dialogue with the English Guardsman. What mortal could hear a *bon mot* at the distance of a league?"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Booths' are still proudly careering on the path of success with "Henry VIII.," and Miss Cushman's youth is renewed, like the (American) eagle's.

WACHTEL yet dominates the Bowery with his clarion C sharp. All Teutony rejoices, and what is more to Carl Rosa's purpose, all Teutony pays, the *caput mortuum* being comparatively unknown among the Germans.

THE New York Harmonic Society, under the vigorous and intelligent guidance of Dr. Pech, are rapidly mastering the noble choruses of "Elijah," and we may expect to hear them finely and spiritedly given at the forthcoming performance of the Grand Oratorio, by the Santley Troupe, at Stelaway Hall.

"THE poor player" is lifting up his head among the nations. At a recent dinner given by Mr. Sothern, at his luxurious residence in London, his company comprised the Marchioness of Ely, the Marquis of Worcester, the Attorney-General, some mere lords and viscounts, literary lights, artists, managers; among them, Boucicault and H. Palmer; and the dinner was worthy of Lucullus.

HORACE LINGARD and the fascinating Alice Dunning, with their well-selected company, are prosperously traveling through New York State, and are reaping a plentiful harvest of fame and money, great houses being everywhere the rule. Their new play of "Una," written expressly for them by Mr. Arthur Mathison, will be produced on the 22d, at Ben de Bar's Theatre, New Orleans.

MR. J. R. THOMAS, the well-known baritone, and one of the most accomplished singers of the day, announces himself as a Teacher of singing, at his residence, East Twenty-sixth Street. The great Verdi once said, "There are few good singers in the world, and fewer masters!" Mr. Thomas may unquestionably be classed among the favored few, and will, doubtless, be besieged by pupils.

MR. SOTHERN'S farewell benefit at the Haymarket, London, on October 6th, was graced by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, several of their royal brothers and sisters, Prince Teck and the Princess of Cambridge, many of the chief nobility of England, and a great audience. It was a magnificent testimonial of the esteem in which this favorite actor is held by both "Lords and Commons."

THEODORE THOMAS and his superb orchestra of fifty of the choicest players in the country, started on their harmonious tour last week, and their melodious discourses will be heard from one end of the land to the other, this musical Mohammed going to the mountain because the mountain cannot come to him, and he and his banditti extracting willing tribute-money from all delighted hearers through the States.

ACCORDING to the bills of the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company, Madame Vanzini made her "Grand Rentrée" on Monday last, to sing Balfe's captivating music in the part of *Satanella*. We were happy to find there was nothing equestrian about this "Grand Rentrée," and are still more pleased to record Madame Vanzini's complete success. Her praises were freely sounded in the lobbies, applause of the heartiest, and bouquets of the dimensionest, crowned her efforts, and the fair prima donna has taken a still higher place in the affections of her countrymen than before.

FRANK MAYO, Susan Denin, and the magnificently harmless confagration are thronging the "Streets of New York," at Niblo's, proving that a play of beauty is a paying institution for ever, and fully establishing Palmer's reputation as a sagacious manager, in filling up, with such success, the vacuum of the few weeks before the audiences of Niblo's welcome back to these shores the world-famous *Lord Dundreary*. From his aristocratic connections and his long personation of this character, we suggest to the British Government to invest Sothern with this title, to be his and his heirs for evermore.

THE Santley Troupe, as prognosticated by "those who know," is a prodigious success. The trumpets of Fame were not blown too loudly for these fine artists, for they have more than justified the London reports of their great abilities, the general and enthusiastic opinion being that such perfect solo and concerted singing has never been heard before in the same concert. Santley is crowned with American laurels, and wreaths of the same flattering leaf have been showered on his companions; while Dolby, who sits at the receipt of customs, is more than satisfied with his green(back) leaves.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY

A SHOCKING nuisance—An earthquake.

How to get a roaring trade—Buy a menagerie.

CHEAP out-of-door breakfast—A roll on the grass.

In proof of the assertion that cattle will stray into strange places, we may say that we have seen a cow hide in a shoemaker's shop.

If you called on your sweetheart at dinner-time, and staid till gas was "on," why should you be like Jupiter?—Because you would have sat-till-lights (satellites).

THE remark of a contemporary that many of our successful lawyers commenced life as preachers is gracefully corrected by one of the legal gentlemen referred to, who begs leave to state that he began life as an infant.

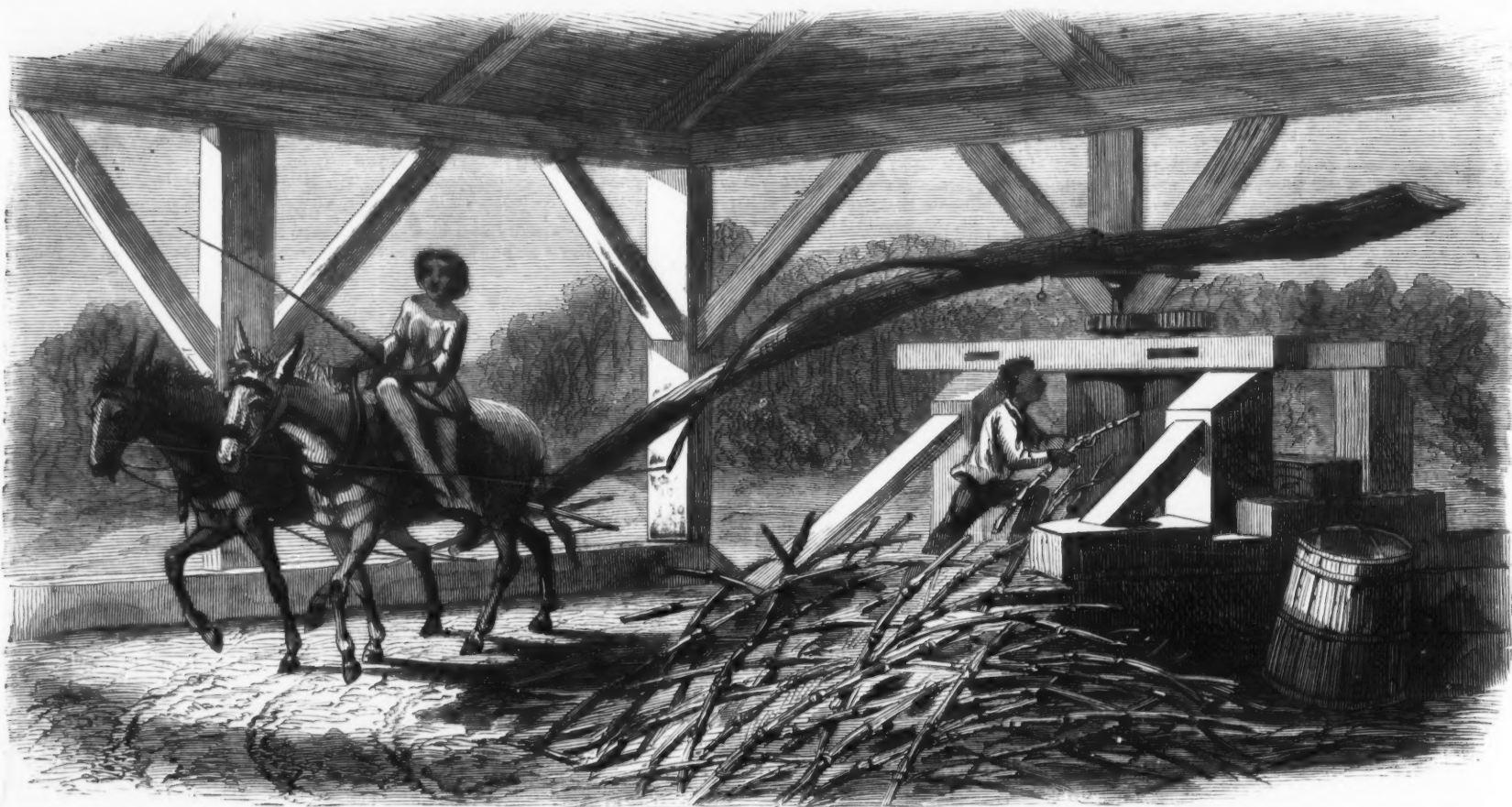
YOUNGER Brother—"What's the matter, Mary? Are you unhappy because neither of those fellows you were flirting with at croquet yesterday proposed to you?" Mary—"No; both did, Tom! And—I said 'yes' to the wrong one!"

An idle man once asked a coal merchant what a peck of coal multiplied by eight, divided by four, with a ton added to them and a bushel subtracted, would come to. "Well," said the coal merchant, "if you burn 'em, they'll come to ashes."

A FULL-BEARDED young grandfather recently had his hirsute appendage shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time in a number of years. At the dinner-table his three-year old granddaughter noticed it, gazed long, and finally ejaculated: "Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

APPROPRIATE NAMES.—For an auctioneer's wife, Biddy; for a soldier's wife, Sally; for a sportsman's wife, Betty; for a fisherman's wife, Netty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peggy; for a teamster's wife, Carrie; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a printer's wife, Em; for a druggist's wife, Ann-Eliza.

THE latest School Board instructive joke is upon finance and metallurgy. The master is to ask the child this question: "Suppose you sit down on a paperful of tacks, what does it quickly remind you of?" The reply of the child is to be: "Income tax." This is finance. The next question is on metallurgy, namely: "In what measure do you usually find gold?" The reply is: "Always in quartz, and never in pints or half-pints."



SCENES IN THE SOUTH.—SUGAR MANUFACTURE—GRINDING THE CANE IN THE MILL.

SCENES IN THE SOUTH—THE MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR.

SUGAR is one of the most valuable of all the vegetable substances known, and one of the most nutritious. It may be properly reckoned,

along with coffee and tea, as forming one of the three greatest and most universal luxuries of life. Louisiana is the only State in the Union where sugar is cultivated on a scale large enough to attract attention as a great interest; and the superior character of its production over any other, either of Cuba or the neighboring West India Islands, is universally admitted. The profits of the crop, as a rule, are liberal, and, as a consequence, the sugar region, when in perfection, was the richest and most thoroughly cultivated district of any located on the Lower Mississippi.

There are three principal varieties of cane familiar to the American planter. The Batavian, originally from the Island of Java; the Olahetan, first discovered by Captain Cook and his associates, and introduced through them into the West India Islands, where its singular

adaptation to the climate and soil has made it a most important acquisition to the agricultural wealth of the world; and the Creole (or native cane), which is the legitimate growth of every foreign vegetable product which in time becomes acclimated and conformed to a new soil

or different climate. Experience has shown, in the cultivation of cane in Louisiana, or the cultivation of the orange, banana and other tropical fruits in Florida, that tender plants, subjected to the possibilities of frost, will gradually lose, to some extent, their natural

sensitiveness to cold, for these named products will flourish and ripen in the frosty airs of our Southern States, that would blast them in their native regions further south.

Sugar-cane is propagated by "cuttings." That is, a large percentage of the crop is preserved as "seed-cane."

For this purpose, the ripened stalk is cut off at the roots, the long leaves trimmed away, and when thus prepared, is hauled to a dry place and piled on the earth in "mats," oblong squares, possibly five to ten feet in extent, and a foot high. Over these depositories is thrown earth, of sufficient thickness to preserve the cane from the Winter's cold. In the Spring, the stalk is taken from these "mats," and laid along in drills prepared by the plow to receive them, and eventually, from every eye or bud located at the joints, shoots up the new plant. To a superficial observer, sugar-cane at a distance and perfectly grown, but not fully ripe, resembles the rich cornfield, having the same slender and graceful stalk, covered with long leaves, which wave gracefully in the gentle breeze, and crack and snap under



SCENES IN THE SOUTH.—SUGAR MANUFACTURE—BOILING DOWN THE JUICE.



SCENES IN THE SOUTH.—SUGAR MANUFACTURE—SKIMMING THE SYRUP.

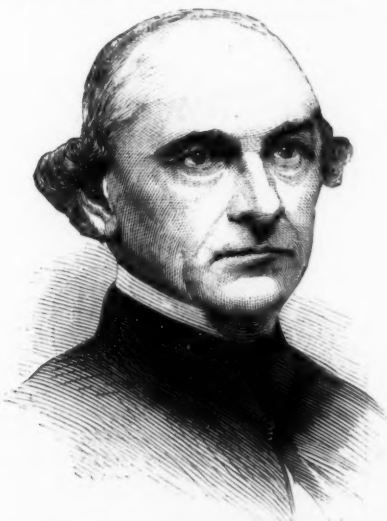


SCENES IN THE SOUTH.—SUGAR MANUFACTURE—BARRELING THE SYRUP.



SCENES IN THE SOUTH.—AN ANIMATED SCARE-CROW—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 91.

the impetus of a threatening storm. But a critical examination shows that the sugar-cane is really very different from maize. Examining the cane, we find the stalk hard, round and highly polished. At the joints, which are from two to five inches apart, spring the long and rather harsh leaves. The product of the plant is not developed in sparkling grains, set like pearls upon a cob, and protected by innumerable coverings. On the contrary, we take the ripened stalk, and, cutting into the pith, we find it overflowing in a rich juice,



REV. CHAS. J. JONES, PASTOR OF SEAMEN'S CHAPEL, SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

which, touching our hands, is, by the warmth, crystallized into what our sensitive palate recognizes as unformed sugar.

The sap, or juice, of the cane-stalk is, therefore, the source of our most precious table luxury. The stalks are cut close to the roots and trimmed of their leaves, and then piled in the "rows," from which they are gathered, and then conveyed in wagons to the mill, where the cane is "ground," and the juice thus expressed is subjected to the concentrating power of heat. The surplus water is made to evaporate, and this process is continued until the manufacture of the crop is completed.

As might be supposed, where so much interest exists to preserve the sugar-cane juice for manufacture, innumerable experiments are tried to accomplish the object in the best way. Under the old system of "forced labor," the sugar-cane planter was the most aristocratic of our agriculturists. The machinery alone, used to boil the juice, often varied in cost from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

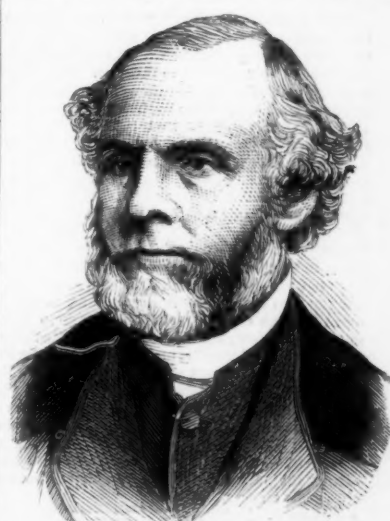
Every appliance, however expensive, was resorted to, that the saccharine matter should be in the best and most economical manner preserved. Delicate instruments were used, that the heat might not be too intense—vacuum-pans—scientific contrivances, to boil by steam, to boil by fire—until one of these costly sugar-houses was the very personation of a gigantic laboratory, where science joined with agricultural labor to produce the simple product of sugar; and to such an extent and perfection had this cultivation reached, that we find, in the year 1861, Louisiana produced nearly five hundred thousand hogsheads of the prized article; in 1864, the crop was reduced to less than seven thousand hogsheads; and in 1869, recovering from the ruin of war, it had, under the new, or free system of labor, reached the promising figure of nearly ninety thousand hogsheads—one-tenth of the gross consumption of the country, instead of one-half, as was the case so recently as ten years ago.

Our illustrations are intended to convey the primitive method of manufacturing sugar. We present the operation as pursued in the simplest

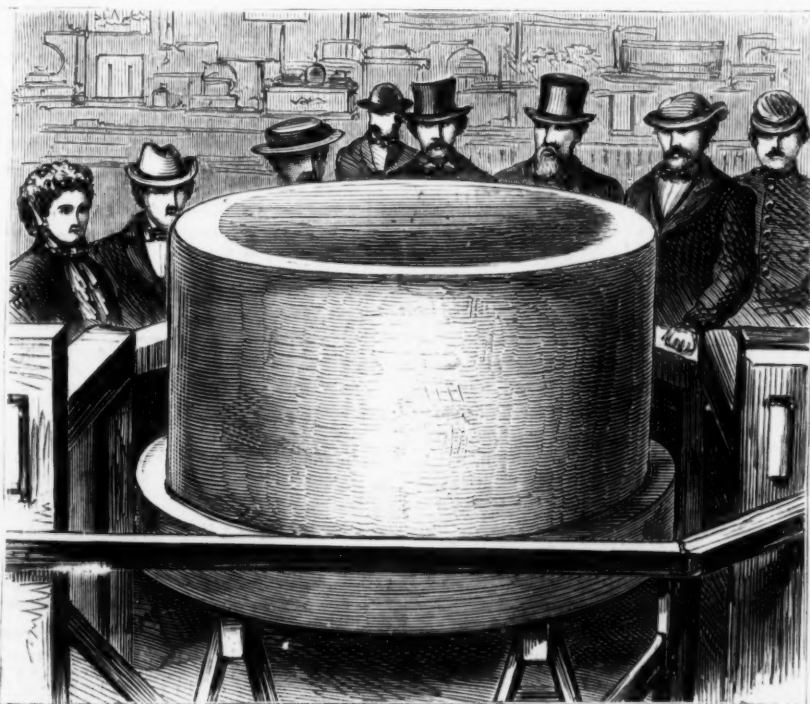
and most natural way, where the object of reducing the sap to a crystalline form is accomplished by the least routine. This system must hereafter be the rule. The sugar plantation, with its costly machinery and its enormous invested capital, is probably a thing of the past.

The picture of the sugar-mill explains itself. In the foreground are to be seen the cane-stalks, trimmed of leaves and roots, as we have already described, which are being inserted by the attendant negro between the perpendicular iron rollers, made to revolve by the aid of two powerful mules. There is no extra expense here displayed; the revolving-beam is but the rudely-hewn trunk of a tree, an untouched limb ingeniously left to hold the checking-rein. As the juice is expressed, it runs in a double stream into the cistern provided for its reception. From this receptacle, it is carried to the kettle, which is set under the protection of a rude shed, and so arranged with the support of brickwork, that a strong fire can be made underneath. The juice is soon brought to boiling heat. As it foams and bubbles under the purifying process of fire, the woody fibre

and foreign substances in the juice are skimmed off, and gradually the thin, watery substance grows in consistency, and changes from its sickly hue to a rich yellowish brown. The ascending steam is no longer white and insipid, but, on the contrary, is rich in color and fragrant to the nostril. In the sugar-house of the costly plantation there are cunningly devised instruments to inform the careful engineer when he must "strike" the now rapidly perfecting material; but in the sugar-house of the humble workman, the sensitive nerve of the



THE RIGHT REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., BISHOP OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 91.



THE GIANT CHEESE EXHIBITED AT THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR, BUFFALO, N. Y. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. L. BLISS.—SEE PAGE 91.

nostril, the quick wit of the eye, detect this important moment, and when it comes, the hot thick liquid is with the greatest possible rapidity thrown into a "cistern" provided to receive it, where it gradually cools, granulates into well-formed crystals, and is the completed article known as sugar.

But this simple process is not attended with precise results. The "battery," or boiling juice, as it diminishes from evaporation, is constantly kept in quantity by the addition of "raw juice"; this routine is continued until the kettle is full of the thickened substance. The moment the "strike" should take place, if it were possible, the mass should be instantly transferred to the cistern; but this cannot be effected by the simple resources of the small planter; consequently the sugar, when it cools, is swimming in more or less half-cooked syrup. This is, by a simple contrivance, allowed to drain off, and becomes known in the market and on our tables as molasses, which is composed of the underdone sugar, or such elements in the cane

juice as will not, under the ordinary method we have described, assume the dry, solid form, as the superior production.

In our second picture of the sugar-mill, we see the gradual improvement in the possession of facilities to carry on the work. Here we have two kettles, instead of one, in operation. In the rear is a huge wooden cylinder, into which the expressed juice is directly conveyed from the mill. Arrangements are quite complete to keep the kettles full of juice, while the strainers, used for skimming off the foreign substances in the boiling caldron, are efficient and do their work well.

Such is all the routine really attached to the process of making sugar. From this simple plan, we go to expensive machinery. The mules are displaced by powerful steam engines. The grinding mill consists of a number of iron rollers, that take in on one side the juicy cane, and discharge it on the other, a mass of pith and shreds, so dry that they seem to have passed through fire. The open kettle is not known; the juice boils under covered vessels; the particles of sugar, which, in the primitive "cooking," fly away in the air, are not allowed to escape. No uncooked sap is thrown off with completed "battery," as the molasses, which is a result of imperfect manufacture, is quite unknown. Fortunately sugar, and the very best, can be produced, as we have seen, without these costly appliances. It is thus brought within the means of the industrious but humble farmer to raise the staple for his own family and the market. The cattle eat with avidity the green stalks and turned-off leaves of the perfected cane. The sugar season, whether on the rich or poor estate, is a season of festivity and rejoicing. It includes the glad time of the Christmas holidays. It provokes out-door exercise in a climate made by winter delicious and invigorating. The people engaged are exhilarated by out-door exercise, and the night-fires are cheerful and picturesque. The invalid and the very sick gain strength while inhaling the fumes of the sugar-house, and children and grown people fatten on the saccharine food. Sugar is one of the richest blessings a kind Providence has given to man. In times gone by it was a luxury, a confection—a thing, except in the houses of the rich, that was unknown. But now, thanks to the facilities of commerce, and the ameliorations peculiar to our age, sugar has become a necessary of life, and is produced at a price that brings it in alike abundance to the table of the poor as well as the rich.

THE REV. C. J. JONES.

CHARLES J. JONES, pastor of the chapel at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, is a native of London, England, and fifty-three years of age. When thirteen years old he left home to follow the sea, and during the ensuing seven years he endured all the discomforts and dangers to which the crews of the merchant marine were subject. At the age of twenty he returned to shore, and having had his mind directed to religious subjects during his many voyages, resolved to prepare himself for the ministry. Coming to this country, he chose his field of Christian labor among the sailors, and in 1863 became pastor of the Sailor's Snug Harbor, on Staten Island.

No man is better fitted for this peculiar work, and none can be in greater sympathy with the "tollers of the deep."

COAL IRON IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The Greenbrier Independent, published on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, says that, "by actual measurement, a four-foot vein of coal will yield 125,000 bushels to the acre. The aggregate coal strata in Fayette County amount to at least 40 feet solid coal, or 1,000,000 bushels upon a single acre. Professor Daddow says that this coal is superior, for furnace or ore-melting purposes, to that of the Kanawha Valley. Of iron ore throughout that country there is no lack. But if there is, the Alleghenies are filled with it, and if it pays to carry the raw ore from Iron Mountain, in Missouri, to the coal at Pittsburgh, a distance of 700 or 800 miles, why would it not pay to carry the raw ore from Jackson River to Bowyer's Ferry, only 100 miles? The day is not far distant when the smoke of one furnace, connecting with that of another, will hang in one dense and unbroken cloud from Clinton Forge to Huntington, and, at night, the waters of the Greenbrier, the New River, the Kanawha and the Ohio, will be lighted up with one continuous glare, from Greenbrier Bridge to Big Sandy. The timber along this entire line, and within reach of it, is worth one hundred times more to-day than what the land, with all its timbers and minerals, is selling for. We know of coal regions where lands sell readily at \$1,000 and \$1,500 per acre—lands that, a few years ago, you could have bought at 25 cents an acre."

GRAND GIFT CONCERT AND DISTRIBUTION for the benefit of the New York Foundling Asylum and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, of Washington, D. C.—The sale of tickets in this most worthy enterprise has progressed so well, that the Commissioners and Trustees now assure the public and ticket-holders, that the Concert and Distribution of Gifts, amounting to \$200,000, will take place, without fail, at Washington, D. C., on November 23d. The objects for which this enterprise is conducted are those that appeal most forcibly to the charitable feelings and patriotism of our people. At a small outlay, our Foundling Asylum and the Washington City Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home can be assisted. Those desirous of doing so had better purchase tickets at once, as the Managers, in case all the tickets were sold before the 23d of November, would announce the Drawing of Prizes at an earlier date. A full list of prizes and references can be found in circulars, the manner of obtaining which will be found in another column.

For mattresses, pillows, sofas and cushions for church-pews, no more durable or elastic substance can be obtained than the patent Sponge manufactured by William R. Horton & Son. In a sanitary view,

this preparation has the preference over both hair and feathers; it is cool and light, allowing a wholesome circulation of air, can be readily cleaned, and never becomes packed or matted. Besides wearing longer than other materials, it retains its elasticity to a remarkable degree. It has been proven by practical chemists that no germs of insect life can exist in the sponge, and it necessarily follows that it is the cleanest material for upholstery known. The factory is situated at Lebanon, N. H. Salesroom, wholesale and retail, 524 Broadway, New York.

THE Philadelphia Scientific Journal says that "Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, are so well and extensively known all over this continent, that to name them and explain the nature of their business would be superfluous. No Newspaper Advertising Agency has ever displayed more energy and skill in the transaction of this delicate and tact-requiring business."

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.—We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price List, and mention FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York. The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready.

CHROMOS and Frames, Stereoscopes, Albums, Photographic Materials and Graphoscopes, imported and manufactured by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 501 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER does not color, but restores the hair to its natural color.

"Whitecomb's Asthma Remedy made me a well man."—W. O. Brown, Toledo, O.

At H. O'Neill & Co.'s,

327 & 329 Sixth Ave. and Twentieth St.,
IMPORTERS OF
French and English Millinery Goods,
Have been opened a full line of
NEW FALL GOODS.
Silk Velvets.

Silk Velvet, for dress trimming, at \$2.50, good quality.
Silk Mantilla Velvet, from \$5.50 to \$15 per yard.
Silk Bonnet Velvets, in all the new Fall shades.
Two cases of Black and Colored Velveteens.

Rich Laces.

We are offering the finest selection of articles in this line ever before exhibited in this market, and at greatly below the Broadway prices.

Point and Applique Trimming Laces.
Real Point and Applique Trimmings.
Barbs, Handkerchiefs, Collars and Sets.
Black and White Gimpure Laces.
Job lot pieces of Real French Gimpure Lace, which was bought at a great sacrifice, will be sold 25 per cent. below the cost of English or German Gimpure Lace.

Ribbons.

We have opened a full line of Gros-Grain Bonnet Ribbons, in all of the new Fall shades, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12, 16 and 22.
Sash Ribbons, 7-inch Black, 75c. per yard, warranted all silk.
Scotch Plaid, all silk, 95c. to \$1.10 per yard.
7-inch Gros-Grain, warranted all silk, \$1.15.
Roman Sashes, Fancy Sashes (cheap).

Straw Goods.

Ladies Felt Hats of the finest quality, in all the newest shapes, \$1.37; the same quality as sold on Broadway for \$2.50.

Now open, a line of Fancy Felt Hats.

NEW GOODS.

RICH FRENCH FLOWERS, OSTRICH PLUMES, OSTRICH TIPS, FANCY FEATHERS.
Ostrich Tips, Ostrich Plumes and Fancy Felt in great variety.

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The undersigned, to whom has been entrusted the general management of the Grand Festival and Fete Champetre, has the honor and gratification to announce that the programme, with appointments for each day, will be published in the daily journals of to-morrow. Returning thanks to the many who have kindly assisted his endeavors and to those who have volunteered their personal services, he would also beg to state that the unavoidable expense attendant upon this gigantic undertaking will amount to nearly \$20,000. No such series of entertainments have ever been presented to the American people. The final programme contains more than the first promised, and the arrangements are so complete that the management feel encouraged to believe that those who attend will be gratified beyond measure.

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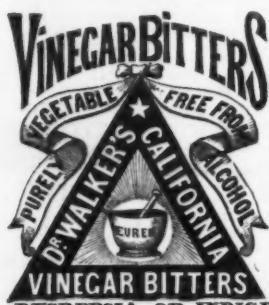
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